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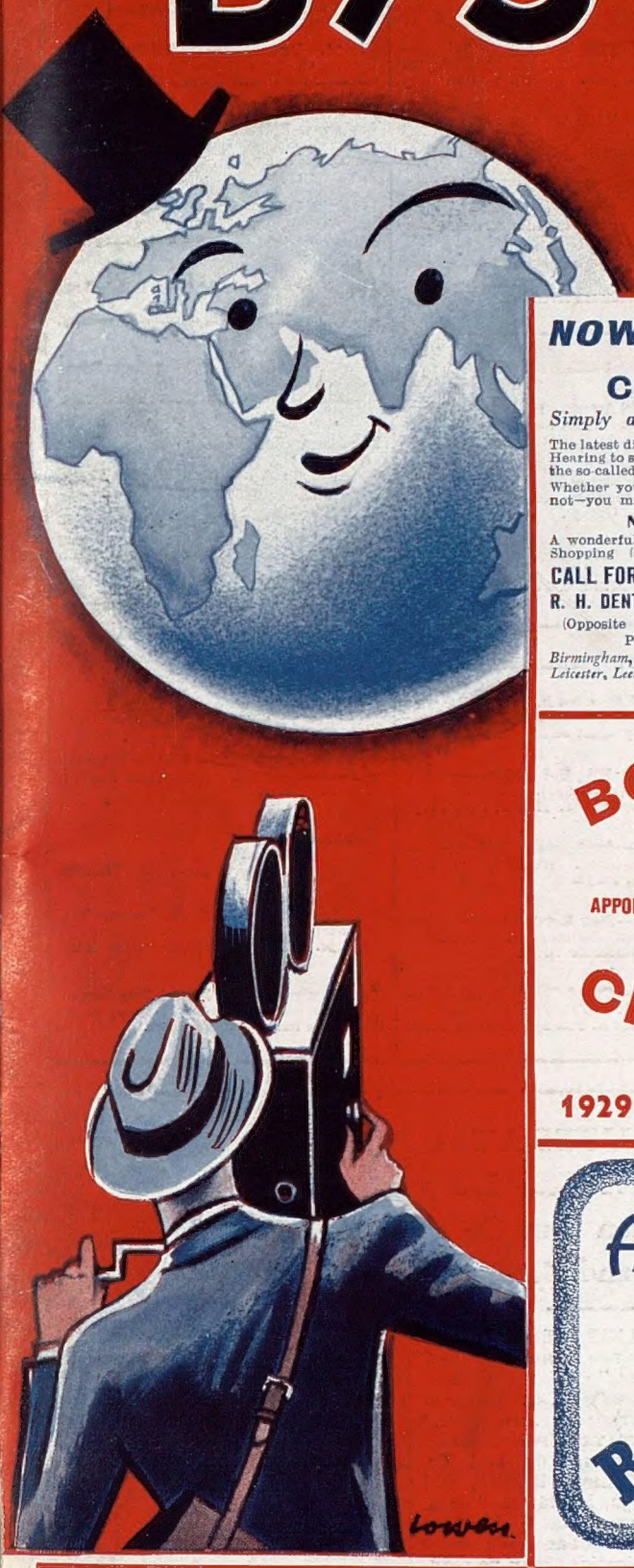

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The Bystander

Marcelle Chantal in a French Rasputin Film

This face belongs to the French film actress, Marcelle Chantal, who is cast as the Tsarina in the new film from the Joinville Studios, *Rasputin : the Fall of the Romanoffs*. Thereby the French enter a field already trodden by Germans and Americans, but they evade fixing the murder of the priest on Youssoupoff by calling the patriot-assassin just Prince Igor. Pierre Richard-Willm plays this part, Harry Baur (who can be seen in *Un Carnet de Bal*) is Rasputin, Jean Worms is the Tsar, Marcel l'Herbier directed, and incidental music has been composed by Darius Milhaud. Mlle. Chantal is Mrs. Jefferson-Cohn in private life

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

As I write, the most extraordinary rumours are pouring in from all parts of Europe about affairs in Germany. It started with the strange story of the ex-Crown Prince's journey to Italy, and the equally strange excuse given for the publicity, that he had forgotten to take his passport, and that there was no political significance in his sudden journey. From that moment the telegraph wires began to hum (with the exception of those on the Brenner Pass, which were broken by a blizzard). Disorders are reported from the Rhineland, Pomerania and East Prussia, but so far without confirmation. If there are disturbances, they are more likely to be in East Prussia than anywhere else, for that Province is the stronghold of the old militaristic, monarchistic, Prussianism, where the land-owners are also the bulwark of the Confessional Church. The trial of Pastor Niemoller, quite apart from military unrest, is certain to have a deep effect on East Prussia.

Vienna is reported to be in a state of deep alarm, and with some justification, at all these rumours, for the Austrians will be the first to suffer if there is an explosion in Germany. One of the lessons of history is that when a dictator is faced with internal revolt, he unites his country again by external aggression. Hitler's only chance of an instantaneous coup d'état, if it became necessary for him to produce one, would be an attack upon Austrian independence. Let us hope that by the time this appears in print the rumours will have proved to be false, and that Vienna has nothing more to fear than anyone else.

There seems, happily, to be no doubt whatever that Anglo-Italian relations are on the point of improving. The Italians certainly helped to smooth the way by their prompt acceptance of Mr. Eden's Anti-Piracy Proposals, and talks are now going on about the withdrawal of volunteers from Spain. If agreement can be reached on this, too, the Mediterranean will become a happier and a safer place than it has been for some time.

The Germans, on the other hand, frankly do not like Mr. Eden's blunt warning to General Franco on the subject of the pirates, nor the policy of attacking any submerged submarine on the Mediterranean trade-routes. It is pretty generally understood that Mr. Eden's strong note to General Franco means that any more piracy will lead to an international blockade of the island of Majorca. (Nobody doubts that the mysterious submarines and aeroplanes are operating from that stronghold of General Franco's forces.) It is a little illogical that the Germans, who took such strong action in the bombardment of Almeria after one of their ships had been attacked, should object to other people taking strong action also.

The fortunes of war fluctuate in Aragon in a bewildering way, and it has become almost impossible to believe a single word written by the observers on each side. No sooner has one written that General Franco's victory is inevitable, than the Government troops score a smashing victory, and vice versa. The latest news is, however, a little different, for it reports, for the first time, wholesale surrender by battalions of the Government Army. But, of course, this may be contradicted to-morrow, or cancelled out by a wholesale surrender on the other side. One thing is certain—that the intensity of the fighting during the winter months has upset everybody's predictions.

The Japanese Government has definitely rejected the Notes from Britain, France, and the United States asking for authoritative information about the size of their new battleships. They are not going to tell anybody anything. Presumably the next step will be for us to lay down 43,000-ton ships. And so the armament race goes on faster and faster.

Last week I wrote about the dilemma which faces the White House at Washington, and said that the American Government had to choose between the widening of the Panama Canal or the admission that there is a secret understanding with this country for the defence of the Atlantic coast. The Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, has made a prompt announcement that there is no understanding with this country, or with any other, and that the United States is completely free. So now, presumably, they will have to get on with the Canal in order to bring 40,000-ton battleships from the Pacific bases into the Atlantic.

The House of Commons is a queer place in the way in which it so often blows hot and cold alternatively upon the same subject. Late last year it got all hotted up about the delay of the Government in formulating and carrying out a real policy in Palestine. This year it seems bored to death with the whole subject, and did not display the slightest interest or annoyance when the Government coolly announced that it was going to continue procrastination.

Sir Thomas Inskip, Minister for Co-ordination of Defence, was disappointing in his statement about the storage of food for war emergency. He was very vague on the one really important point, which is whether there is really going to be storage or not. The Minister

Lord Brassey Takes His Seat

Sir Leonard Brassey received his barony in the New Year Honours, and took his seat in the House of Lords last week as Baron Brassey of Apethorpe, Apethorpe Hall being his place in Northamptonshire. Lord Mildmay and Lord Bayford introduced the new peer

Lady Kennet Sculpts Sir Austen Chamberlain

Lady Kennet is working on a very fine bust of the late Sir Austen Chamberlain. She is well known as a sculptor, and her portraits include most of the famous men of England since the war, particularly in the political world. Lord Kennet (Sir Edward Hilton Young until 1935) is her second husband: her first husband was Captain Scott, the great explorer

added that Sir Arthur Salter had described him as being a stone-waller, and admitted that he "gloried in the title," since he was serving the country by keeping silent.

LORD HUGH CECIL objects with Cecilian invective to the system by which the Prime Minister selects the Bishops of the Church of England. It certainly seems odd that Mr. Chamberlain, who is a Unitarian, should exercise this function. But it is the old story of an Established Church. When the new Prayer Book had been approved by the Archbishops and Bishops, some years ago, it had to be accepted by the Houses of Parliament on whose authority the Establishment rests. One of the leaders of the attack on it was Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., a Nonconformist, and one of the voters against it was Mr. Saklatvala, M.P., a Parsee. It is impossible to have it both ways, State aid without State interference.

SIR JOHN SIMON is tired of the long journeys from London to his constituency in Yorkshire, and is probably even more tired at the perpetual narrowness of his majorities. He is anxious to find a nearer and a safer seat. A nice point arises for the Conservatives. Are they to hand over one of their own beautiful certainties to a man who is, after all, not a member of their party, or are they frankly to say that to preserve the national character of the Government is not so important as to preserve every possible seat for Conservatism? The nearest National-Liberal seat, which is at all safe, is Southampton. But it is not certain whether Southampton wants Sir John.

THERE is to be an interesting sale of Napoleonic documents at Sotheby's on March 1st. They are letters from the collection of the Berthier family, who are descended from Napoleon's celebrated Chief of Staff. Among them are letters in Napoleon's own handwriting, and several from both the Empresses. It is specially interesting to compare the beautiful, neat, highly-educated writing of Marie Louise with that of Josephine. The latter is equally beautiful in its own way, but much wilder and less disciplined. When you come to think of it, this really is symbolical of the characters of the two women.

LORD TENNYSON has announced his intention of retiring from Test cricket after the last match against All-India. Students of cricket will remember Lord Tennyson's heroic performance in 1921 against the famous Australian team. There was almost derisive laughter when it was announced that he had been chosen to play for England, and tales are still told of historic wagers that he would never score fifty runs in a Test match. In the second innings of the match at Lords, he hit the fast bowlers most gallantly, and made seventy-four not out, and showed that it was no fluke by making sixty-three and thirty-six in the third Test match, batting all the time with an injured hand.

THE *Daily Telegraph* has been running a series of articles on the Football Pools, and very remarkable reading they have been. The *Telegraph* estimates that the total net profits collected annually by the promoters of the Pools cannot be less than £2,000,000, without reckoning the profits from the new side-line which at least one of them is running. This side-line is the organisation of a chain of mail order stores, which practically evolved itself the moment some genius saw that in the vast list of names and addresses of Pool competitors, they had automatically a wonderful mailing-list for stores, which would sell anything from thimbles to lighthouses. It is estimated that in three out of every four households in the country, at least one person competes every week in a Pool.

A NEW actor of outstanding merit jumped into the limelight last week when Mr. George Sumner gave a perfect representation of the Bertie Woosters of this world at the Vaudeville Theatre. He ought, on the strength of it, to secure a pretty good monopoly of this sort of part in the future. Although his part was not long, he simply walked away with the play.

Speaker's Daughter and Speaker's Cook

M. Marcel Boulestin will give a demonstration of his art in the Speaker's Kitchen, Westminster Palace, to-morrow afternoon, and the proceeds of tickets will go to the Westminster Hospital Nurses' Home—an organisation in which Mrs. Algernon FitzRoy is particularly interested. The kitchen is spacious enough to accommodate 100 people, and Mrs. Gadd, the Speaker's cook, is the ruler there. Here she is seen with Miss Mary FitzRoy and some of the copper utensils marked V.R. which M. Boulestin especially admires

"Operette's" Author and "Operette's" Star

Peggy Wood, of "Bitter Sweet," will be in a lead of Noel Coward's "Operette," he successor to "Balalaika," at His Majesty's Theatre. But London, according to present-day custom, will not get the first chance of judging this piece; it will have its first night at the Manchester Opera House to-morrow. Irene Vanbrugh, whose stage jubilee falls in August this year, celebrates it by taking her first Coward part in "Operette"

Snow Story of the Week

Sisters in Hoods

These two lovely girls are Miss Peggy Leigh and Mrs. Henry Garnett, daughters of Captain Gerard Leigh. They were doing their ski-ing on the Parsenn

At the Top

Miss Daphne Henderson had gone up to the Weissfluhjoch from Klosters to do her first run of the season. This is her second year's ski-ing

Sisters at Klosters

Miss Anne Christian and Miss Mary Christian were sitting on a Klosters parapet outside their hotel, looking as workmanlike as ski-ers must. They are nieces of Viscount Monsell

Madame Titulescu

A St. Moritz snapshot of the vivacious and attractive wife of the famous Rumanian statesman, perched on a car-bumper outside Suvretta Haus

Lady Knollys

Is a very fine ski-er who rarely misses a season, and generally includes some long cross-country runs in her programme

Mr. Green and Lady Warwick

"Paddy" Green partnered Freddy McEvoy in Britain's No. 1 Boblet team which was second in the World's Championship and the Grand Prix at St. Moritz, but won the Boblet Derby

Lunch at the Weissfluhjoch

Miss June Weaver, Mr. John Weaver, and Miss Joy Johnston made the lunching trio at the Weissfluhjoch, restaurant for Parsenn runners. The Weavers are sister and brother of Mr. "Mike" Weaver, the Conservative candidate for Workington

Lunch at the Corviglia Club

Baron Gevers and Lady Fraser, Sir Keith Fraser's wife, are both St. Moritz regulars. The Frasers were there for a month or two last year, and Baron Gevers is one of the Austrian experts on the Cresta

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Richarde A. Parke come regularly from New York to St. Moritz for their ski-ing. He is Vice-President of the Corviglia Club

American Couple

Miss Suzanne Gilbey, Mono-bob Daredevil

Suzanne Gilbey is the nineteen-year-old novice whose daring and skill on the bob-run at St. Moritz has given the crowds something to watch. Last week was the top of the bob season at St. Moritz, packed with Grands Prix, Derbys, and Championships

Right: Lady Reading is another of the huge crowd of people packed into St. Moritz. She had just finished her morning's skating on the Suvretta Haus rink

Social Register

THREE WEDDINGS

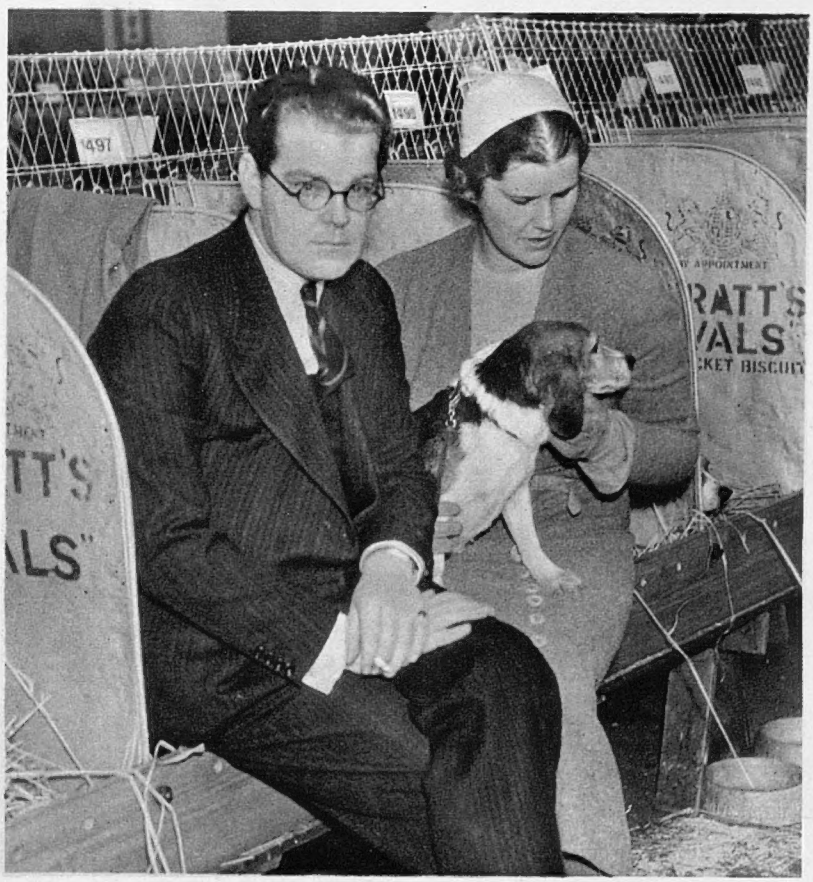
Mr. Charles Beresford Duke and Miss Morag Grant

Charles Duke, Assistant Private Secretary to the Viceroy of India, and Morag Grant, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Patrick Grant, were married at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Delhi. The bridesmaids were Miss Sheila Edward Collins, Miss Barbara Gavett, Miss Sheila Stewart, Lady Doreen Hope, and a child, "Bumble" Perry-Keene

Mr. Hill and Lady Anne Hardy

George Heywood Hill and Lady Anne Gathorne-Hardy, sister of the Earl of Cranbrook, were married at Chelsea Old Church. Mr. Hill is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hill, of Great Orchard, Bignor, Sussex

DOG-SHOWING AT CRUFT'S



Lord and Lady Chelmsford and a Champion

Lord and Lady Chelmsford showed their champion beagle Crocus in the great dog event at the Agricultural Hall last week. Lord Chelmsford succeeded his father in 1933; Lady Chelmsford was Gilian Lubbock before her marriage. They live at East Grinstead

RACING AT SANDOWN

Right: Lady Rosemary Gresham's husband, James Gresham, who is in the Welsh Guards, rode his horse Ronat in the Open Hunters' Race at Sandown, but wasn't placed. He and his wife live in Gloucestershire, and race most days in the winter

Lady Rosemary Gresham

A CHRISTENING

Mr. Godfrey Pike, Lady Kildare, Hon. Christopher Beckett

Mr. Eric Campbell Russell and Miss Lavender Grissell

Eric Russell and Lavender Grissell were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. When they came out she blew a kiss to Alfred Nye, who sweeps her family's chimneys and who attended her wedding by special request. She is the daughter of the late Colonel B. Grissell, and Lady Astley Cubitt, of Bendrose Grange, Amersham, Bucks. Her husband, who is in the Grenadier Guards, is the son of Major and Mrs. Noel Campbell Russell, of Five Thorns, Brockenhurst

ATTENDING A SALE

Mrs. Charles Wood, Lady Ursula Manners, Mr. Francis Howard

Little Lord Dundas and His Parents and Grandfather

The Earl and Countess of Ronaldshay's son and heir, grandson of the Marquess of Zetland, was christened Laurence Mark at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent. Mr. Godfrey Pike, Lady Ronaldshay's brother, the Hon. Christopher Beckett and Lady Kildare were the three god-parents

RACING AT ALDERSHOT

Sisters Watching Soldiers Steeplechasing

Left: the expression on those three faces — the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood's, Lady Ursula Manners', and Mr. Francis Howard's—shows what a melancholy affair it was at the Norfolk House sale to watch another London landmark vanishing for ever

The Hon. Mrs. Morgan Jones and the Hon. Dorothy Berry, daughters of the late Lord Buckland, were at the Aldershot Military Meeting. Mrs. Morgan Jones' husband is in the Life Guards

OFF TO BUY A TROUSSEAU

The Hon. Mrs. John Bowes-Lyon and Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon

Anne Bowes-Lyon announced her engagement to Viscount Anson, the Earl and Countess of Lichfield's son two weeks ago, and last week she and her mother went over to Paris to see the dress-shows and buy part of her trousseau. She is being married at the end of April. Her father, the Hon. John Bowes-Lyon, who died in 1930, was a brother of the Queen

Desdemona and Othello—at the Old Vic

Anthony

A very noble tragic figure is Ralph Richardson's Othello, a lion baited and tortured by the jackal Iago of Laurence Olivier into a terrible betrayal of the strength and intelligence that at first belong to him. Curigwen Lewis is his Desdemona; this is her first appearance at the Old Vic, and her first London appearance since she played Jane Eyre. Richardson himself played Iago six years ago in this same theatre. *Othello* is produced by Tyrone Guthrie, with beautiful decors and costumes by Roger Furse—simple and yet rich—which are among the most successful of the Old Vic's many lovely settings for Shakespeare

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 59

Lord Decies

JOHN GRAHAM HOPE DE LA POER BERESFORD, fifth Lord Decies, must be used to hearing himself called "bluff." Red-cheeked, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, moustached, and twice married, Lord Decies is what can only be described as a public figure. He is the figure-head, for example, of the British Sportsman's Club. He is a director of the Income Taxpayers' Society. Until a year ago he was chairman of the National Sporting Club. And during his varied career he served against the Matabele, commanded the 37th Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, commanded the Tribal Horse in Somaliland, and the South Irish Horse for the first two years of the war, when he became Chief Press Censor in Ireland. He has been a member of the M.C.C. for years, and is one of the most analytical followers of cricket that the Pavilion at Lords can boast. He has an hereditary gift for making speeches, and a very young mind.

His first wife was Helen, the daughter of the late George Jay Gould. At the age of seventy-odd he married the widow of H. S. Lehr, another American millionaire. As a younger man he was very keen on hunting, polo, and racing. "Genial" is another adjective which springs readily to the lips when one thinks of this representative Irish peer. Two years ago he was suffering from heart trouble, but recovered.

LORD DECIES has been all over the world. He has been pick-pocketed in Paris, he has killed salmon in Finland, he has proposed people's healths on both sides of the Atlantic on many occasions. His three children are all married. One daughter married Robert O'Brien, the other married Patrick Bellew, the artist. His son and heir is also married. He inherited a large property, including Leixlip Castle, in Co. Kildare. In London he has a flat at Orchard Court, Portman Square, where he is able to give parties on the roof garden. His chief interests in life, however, are letter-writing and the Income Taxpayers' Society. Fifteen years ago he wrote to the newspapers suggesting premium bonds for the purpose of reducing the National Debt. Eight years ago he wrote to say that he heard on very good authority that super-tax would probably be imposed on incomes of £1500 and possibly on £1000 in the near future. Four years ago he wrote about the diminution of income tax in Germany. But, then, he is always writing letters to the newspapers about income tax and other matters. Two years ago, for example, he digressed to the subject of the Olympic Games of 1940, suggesting that we should waive our claim to holding them here. His letters may not often prove effective. But, in spite of this, Lord Decies keeps on writing, and has now acquired quite a professional polish. Considering what a thankless task he has set himself, he should be congratulated on his patriotic persistency.

Charles Graves

Vera Zorina on Skis

Snow Beauties in America

Vera Zorina went off to New York when she finished filming in "Goldwyn Follies," and from New York she went skiing at Buck Hill Falls, only two hours away. London last saw her dancing in "On Your Toes," after she left the de Basil company. As a ballet film-star she'll be seen here in six weeks or so, when "Goldwyn Follies," for which George Balanchine arranged the dances, is going to be shown

Queen of the Winter Sports Carnival is Claire Luce's latest title, and that is what she got the cup for that's balanced on her knee. This also happened at Buck Hill Falls, locally described as the sports capital of the Poconos. Claire Luce is starring on Broadway just now in the possible Pulitzer Prize-winning play, "Of Mice and Men"

Claire Luce on a Dog Sled

Films of the Day

A Pirate Stronghold at the Carlton

By George Campbell

HIGHBROWS won't find quite so much to sneer at in *The Buccaneer* as they did in *Cleopatra* and *The Sign of the Cross*, because in his new tale, of Jean Lafitte, the pirate, Mr. De Mille sticks fairly close to history, and nine Englishmen out of ten have never heard of Lafitte anyway. But every now and then, especially in the love-scenes, the period frocks are lifted, and the cloven hoof peeps forth, and you realise that after the comparative realism of *The Plainsman*, the old maestro is his unrepentant self again.

What a time Mr. De Mille must have had making this picture! How his schoolboy heart must have rejoiced in the thundering broadsides, and the burning ships and buildings, and the heroine walking the plank with her little dog in her arms, and line after line of British redcoats advancing, like toy soldiers in the nursery, against the Americans, who you know must prove invincible. Must—for have they not the pirate horde as allies? And are the pirates not led by the hero? And is the hero not supported by the quaint little Dutch girl and the comic pirate, once (as he proudly boasts) gunner to Napoleon? And is there not a fixed rule in film-land that the hero may be defeated, but the heroine and the kindly comic never!

I liked *The Buccaneer*. Easy to sneer at its naïveté, but what director in this country handles spectacle and crowds as Mr. De Mille can? Every extra in *The Buccaneer* has been as carefully rehearsed as a principal. He knows his job—raising sails, sharpening a sword, shifting a keg—and goes at it with the single-minded energy of a man whose life is at stake.

To history, too, if it makes any difference, De Mille has been faithful in his fashion. The power of Jean Lafitte the pirate during the Anglo-American War of 1812-14, has not been exaggerated. His stronghold in the jungle bayous at the mouth of the Mississippi was practically impregnable; he sold the goods looted from Spanish and British ships in New Orleans itself, under the nose of the Governor of Louisiana.

It was in these circumstances that the British made their famous offer. If Lafitte would help them capture New Orleans, which would have meant control of the Mississippi and half the United States, they would give him £30,000 and a commission in the Royal Navy. A staggering offer to a pirate. Still more staggering that it should have been refused, for reasons that are still as obscure as the character and history of Lafitte himself.

Mr. De Mille paints him as one of the lovable black sheep of history—a Mad Carewe with a French accent, and the skull-and-crossbones for an old-school tie. Three different Presidents condemned him; he was described as "a man with but one virtue and a thousand crimes." The chances are, I think, that Jean was as pretty a scoundrel as ever went unhung, if, indeed, he *was* unhung—a point no one seems quite sure about. All that is certain is that, like Fuzzy-Wuzzy, he was a first-class fighting man, dominated the Gulf of Mexico from 1810 until 1821, and then, having fallen foul of the United States Government, set sail into the legendary unknown from which he had sprung. A strange, romantic figure. It's a wonder nobody has made a picture about him before.

FREDRIC MARCH, skilfully blending the bravura and the practical, makes Lafitte quite credible; Akim Tamiroff gives a gorgeous performance as the moustachioed gunner; Hugh Sothern, in manner and appearance, achieves something of a tour de force as General Andrew Jackson ("Old Hickory"); Margot Grahame is a decorative belle of the South; and the English officers are as polished and the pirates as tough as the most exacting can expect.

I am undecided about Mr. De Mille's new discovery, Franciska Gaal. She is jolly, and quaint, and rather Bergnerish when she isn't busy being Clara Bow, and altogether more than somewhat hammy. Still, she is very young, and there's plenty of time for her to get better and not much room for her to get worse, so her future looks pretty bright, really.

SOME critics seem to be objecting to *Nothing Sacred* on the ground that it's a joke, in very bad taste, about death. They have missed the whole point of the picture. It's not a satire on death. It's a satire, and an extraordinarily effective one, on the soulless exploitation of private grief and public mourning that disgraces the American Press.

Nothing Sacred is not everybody's picture, but only a half-wit could deny the wit of Ben Hecht's writing, the resource of William Wellman's direction, and the brilliance of Fredric March, Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly and Charles Winninger. For myself, I can only say that the joke goes on about a reel too long, and I still enjoyed every minute of it.

"The Buccaneer" Salutes the Stars and Stripes

Fredric March plays Jean Lafitte, the man who, from patriotism, refused an English offer of £30,000 and a commission in the King's Navy, the French-Yankee buccaneer who gives his name to De Mille's latest historical splash. Franciska Gaal is his extraneous but attractive Dutch girl-friend, Akim Tamiroff is a gunner who served under Napoleon. The rest of the menu at the Carlton is stirring sea-fights, high authenticity, powerful direction and the usual De Mille ingredients

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

RECLINED amid her dreaming spires, listening to those towers whispering the last enchantments of the Middle Age (whatever Jolly Matt Arnold meant by that phrase), steeped in that misty, marshy ethereal atmosphere which enfolds her as it were in cellophane from contact with the harsh world, Oxford has now almost recovered from a nasty shock. One of her sons, an agricultural research director convicted of fraud in 1931, sold several worthless patents a few years ago to an outside company in Alma Mater's name. His victims, claiming three-quarters of a million, have now been bought off for £70,000. "From beginning to end a chapter of ill-luck," comments the *Times*. "For something like a decade the authorities of Oxford have never for a moment been remote from the worldly cares which were heaped upon them by one unscrupulous financier." And in our estimation it will do the academical boys worlds of good. Life (as the poet said) is real, Life is earnest. That donnish pose of aloofness from the noise and bustle of human affairs needed a jerk, so to speak—it dates from only about four hundred years ago, when Alma Mater was suddenly cut off from the main stream of European life and thought—and this rude re-introduction to reality may be a blessing in disguise, who knows?

One is apt to think of Oxford as rolling in money and fat with the accumulated pious benefactions of seven hundred years. Actually she can barely make ends meet nowadays and badly needs that Government grant she's been getting, a lot of her finest property producing no revenue and the Nuffield gold-shower being strictly ear-marked. Having to find £70,000 is no joke, and Oxford's defeat by the American team in that recent broadcast spelling-bee did nothing to offset it, revealing as it did that the boys don't even learn to spell "labyrinthine" and "mulligatawny."

"'Ere's another one—Cholmondeley pronounced Marshbanks!"

Memento

"IT is like remembering an autumn of one's childhood, or a sunset described by one's grandfather," said one of the leader-writer boys, puzzling over that annual service to the memory of Charles I. which assembled the annual handful of earnest ladies, gentlemen, and clergymen the other day round Le Sueur's equestrian statue at Charing Cross. In saying which he rather demonstrated his own brashness, in our estimation. You may or not consider Charles I. a martyr—the noble word has become so debased that when you say a man is "a martyr to gout" you rarely mean that he has laid down his life in witness to the truth of gout, or do you?—but any demonstration in this age of admiration for a man of high principle is surely good? It is still the fashion, as Dr. Johnson complained 150 years ago, to vilify the Stuarts and exalt the hag Elizabeth (and nobody is more vilified by official historians than James II., who gave up three kingdoms for his principles). This comes of letting the Whigs make a corner in English history.

"Hush, Bentley, hush—only God can make a tree"

Fortunately Whiggery is dying. Fewer and fewer women are inclined to trust themselves to the clammy embraces of members of the National Liberal Club, people tell us. Even very morbid women prefer an afternoon at the Zoo, watching the pythons. Most of the Whigs you see gliding round Whitehall Place at lunch-time are toothless and fangless, their skins have lost their prismatic lustre, their lidless unblinking eyes have no more hypnotic power. Many of them suffer from scurvy and get no letters from women at all. Even rich Society women who used to keep selected Whigs as pets, half-fascinated, half-shuddering, now prefer baboons. We get these data from a Whig we know in St. John's Wood. To see him twine himself round the Gladstone Statue in the N.L.C. and go to sleep was once an interesting if repulsive spectacle. Nowadays, overcome with lassitude and despair, he curls up on the smoking-room floor with the others. It's a good sign and very comforting to Tories. Do you like Tories? You *do*? Great heavens! Listen . . .

French Corner

SINCE that well-known French book-shop in Green Street, Leicester Square, called "Au Coin de France," closed down recently—it was a real French corner in London. A few years ago you sometimes saw the exiled Duc de Guise, de jure King of France, there, looking very regal and historic, as if cloaked in invisible folds of the great white fleur-de-lys-starred Bourbon flag—since "Au Coin de France" regrettably closed down, there's only one place in London fit to bear that nostalgic name: the Church of Notre-Dame de France behind Leicester Square, which is now being renovated and will be visited by

the French Ambassador next month. A hundred years ago the rotunda-shaped building was Mr. Burford's Panorama. The French colony took it over in the 1860's and made it their paroisse, it is served by French clergy and connected with the French Hospital and schools, its decoration and appointments are essentially French (the organ is by the great Cavaillé-Coll, and even the offertory-boxes bear the standard labels " Pour les Pauvres," " Denier de Saint Pierre," etc.), and it lacks nothing to comfort the exile with memories of Gaul except one piece of decoration essential to every French parish church, the Suisse : the beadle, the imposing lay functionary in the cocked hat and plump white stockings who carries a halberd and heads processions.

How the French colony ever came to overlook a Suisse we couldn't say. Like every other exiled colony, it is divided into two distinct parts, the Embassy Set and the Others, but they mingle a little more than most, given the considerable distance, social and geographical, between Knightsbridge and Soho. To assume that nobody at either end ever suggested a Suisse is like assuming that a British colony in any foreign capital could ever forget its cricket gear. Mystère !

Home Industry

HOWEVER low the West End stage may have sagged at the moment, dramatically speaking, nobody can deny that contemporary British theatre art is as good as anybody's. The current exhibition at the Redfern Gallery in Cork Street, to which all our leading décor boys and girls have contributed, proves it ; and sad as it is to see skimble-skamble stuff exquisitely wrapped and framed, the more quick flops the better off the scenic boys and girls are, one supposes. They get their cheque first whatever happens, unless they 're crazy, and so can step gracefully off the sinking ship without ever getting the old dogs wet. At the same time it naturally wounds the artist to see good work swiftly sunk, and we 've heard Mr. Aubrey Hammond (said by the *Evening Standard* on the opening day to be showing his friends " his fine cathedral interior, used in the opera *Don Juan*," a curiously intimate proceeding for so huge and truly modest-minded a man) cry aloud in bitter spiritual agony in the middle of the Strand and refuse all offers except those of money, food, and drink. The other fifteen scenic artists exhibiting at the Redfern have doubtless done the same in their time ; and a gramophone-recorded medley might show fascinating differences between the high wail of Mr. Cecil Beaton and the rich Middle-European rumble of Professor Ernst Stern, the silver grief of Miss Doris Zinkeisen and the bronze trumpet-note of a Paul Nash in pain. We can't remember " Motley " as having yet encountered a passing bump, but they 'd sound probably like the three Wagnerian Norns, we imagine.

The boys and girls have many compensations, however, apart from the money they make. What more delightful and innocent pastime than that grown-up nursery game of making those little coloured models of each set ? You can tell it does them good by the startled expression in those great big candid fawn-like eyes.

Line

IF we weren't so genuinely fond of the Great Western Railway we should say that those enormous gales which have been recently pounding away at Aberystwyth, on the Welsh coast, wrecking the sea-front and furiously bashing in the doors and windows of hotels and boarding-houses, are a belated judgment on the G.W.R. for calling Aberystwyth " the Naples of Wales." (No doubt the fact that both places have the sea in front of them inspired this graceful fancy.) The G.W.R. is full of poets, its trains are exquisitely beautiful, and the food served on them is a gourmet's dream. People say it is impossible to fall in love with a railway company, but this is a lie. Every line has its own distinct personality. You can be repelled by the arid, materialistic, bustling, rather bleak soul of the L.M.S., for example, and go absolutely crazy over the soft warm femininity of the Southern Railway. One specialises in craggy, hard-faced, slightly repulsive but golden-hearted Priestley types, the other is the haunt of murmurous stockbrokers and languorous blondes on summer eves. But nobody but the G.W.R. could have thought up " the Naples of Wales " for a place like Aberystwyth, and if any poet wandered into the L.M.S. and suggested calling Manchester the Seville of the Midlands—because they both have streets—a huge red horny fist would probably settle his hash.

We don't love the G.W.R. simply for its food. Every big British line is justly proud of its brilliant chefs (ask Hippolyte on the Midland Riviera Limited to do you a Barbue Chemise de Grandpère, Sauce Colle de Farine—oh, boy ! Oh, boy !). We love it because of its fiery, generous old Celtic blood, and we 're glad to see that the refreshment-room on Platform One at Paddington has become a rendezvous for smart diners-out. Well, Henri, you old rascal ! Mr. Graves or Mr. Macdonell been along lately ? Yes, Henri—the old table in the Cecil Beaton Room, next to Lord Donegall ; and tell Toscanini to play " Little Old Lady."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Egg and drippin' consommé, I *calls it "*

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Innocent Party" (St. James's)

HERE once again, and not even yet for the last time, is the typical West End comedy—a sophisticated, superficial trifle about marriage in smart circles; with plenty of cynical remarks about love and sex; with interiors suggesting affluence and herbaceous borders bespeaking super-tax; with a rift in the marital lute and a temporary shuffle of partners; with good wine, good cigars, good servants, gloss, polish, epigrams; and, at the end of it all, an inevitable discovery that the husband really loves his wife and the wife really loves her husband better than anybody else.

So, after all, the authors have only been flirting with cynicism, which may complain that it has been given an unfair deal. How much truer, and how much more in the spirit of the evening, to conclude that husbands and wives as ill-assorted as Peter and Laurita Bingham only stick together because middle age is constitutionally sedentary, and love, when you have become thoroughly accustomed to a certain state of affairs, doesn't, however imperfect that state of affairs may be, seem finally worth the upset. But Mr. H. M. Harwood and Mr. Laurence Kirk have not the unflinching pen of Mr. Somerset Maugham. Not theirs to seek the truth or to disturb the peace. Theirs, rather, to have the cake and eat it — to propound the aphorism and fly in the face of it—to confess and persist, to dare and withdraw, to be wise and West End simultaneously.

THAT there are witty passages in *The Innocent Party* is not to be denied. But the formula is now effete. One feels that this comedy has no impetus of its own but is rather impelled on its course by a hundred previous comedies of the same sort. And just as Mr. Bernard Shaw, when critic to the *Saturday Review*, once wrote that it was impossible for him to criticise a certain piece because, walking out into the street during the first interval, he forgot all about it and went home, so I, a couple of days after seeing the piece at the St. James's, find it extremely hard to remember what, if anything, happened on the stage.

I CAN, however, remember Miss Mary Ellis acting remarkably well with a foreign accent as an impulsive and warm-blooded wife of Latin extraction. I can, too, remember Mr. Cecil Parker as her crisp-tongued but all-too-Anglo-Saxon husband. Mr. Basil Radford, offering Miss Ellis opportunities for infidelity, and Miss Elizabeth Allan, doing the same by Mr. Parker, completed the principal quartet—Mr. Radford with a well-contrived American twang and Miss Allan with a good common streak in her inflexions. A fifth variety was introduced by Mr. Jack Lambert as a Caledonian chauffeur. Quite a league of intonations.

But this diversity of accents does not save the evening any more than do the surrealist pictures of the performers contained in the pages of the programme.

Sketches by Rouson

Le phlegme britannique, les feux romantiques: Cecil Parker and Mary Ellis

For these are but minor distractions which fail to compensate for the major monotony consistently maintained by the ploughing of the same old fashionable furrow. Is it not time to relegate the West End Comedy to the classic limbo of the Palais Royal Farce?

Left: a fool about women: Basil Radford speaks American

Right: gaiety-seeker and her censorious admirer: Elizabeth Allan, Jack Lambert

Three of Eire's Dramatists

Photographs by Chancellor, Dublin

Denis Johnston

***Denis Johnston** is a director of Dublin's Gate Theatre. After a wide education at the hands of St. Andrews College, Dublin, Merchiston, Cambridge and Harvard, he was called to the bar. Best-known play: "The Moon in the Yellow River." Lives in S.W.13 district of London and married Shelah Richards, an Abbey Player*

The Earl of Longford

***Lord Longford,** sixth holder of Irish earldom, Master of Arts of Christ Church, Oxford, is the only nobleman who runs his own company of players. At the Westminster Theatre this season they gave his "Carmilla" and "Yahoo," as well as "Anything But the Truth," by his wife, also an M.A. He has long been associated with the Gate and had four plays produced there*

Lennox Robinson

***Lennox Robinson** is a director of Dublin's Abbey Theatre, where nineteen of his plays have been produced, best known of which are "The White-Headed Boy" and "The Far-Off Hills." In the latter he has gibes at the "Observer," whose staff he was on for a year, 1924-5. Has lectured on drama in the States, looks a bit like de Valera*

"Down with the Adelphi and the Temple and St. Paul's, and up with the service flats"
"Pulling Down London"—Eric Anderson, George Benson and Gordon Little

"Nine Sharp"

Mr. Farjeon Puts Wit Back into Revue

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

"Sweet Nell! neat Nell! the dream girl of the halls"
"Nellie Wallaces"—George Benson and Charlotte Leigh

"No, I am not in love with Tyrone Power"
"Long-Distance Divorce"—Betty Ann Davies

"I do love the stars—which are Nervo and Knox?"
"Heavenly Bodies"—Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard

Below: *"Just a typical Brisbane girl wishing the Mother Country a happy All-Halloween"*
"Thank God for the B.B.C."—Hermione Baddeley broadcasting

Nine Sharp, at the Little, gives London as gay and witty and fresh and neat a collection of sketches, skits and songs as have been woven into a revue for many a long day. Herbert Farjeon wrote nearly every word of it, Walter Leigh wrote almost all the music, Hedley Briggs acted as designer and also as producer, and under him the company get full value out of their characters and quips and music. Hermione Baddeley is the lioness of the show, superbly comic in one disguise and accent after another; Betty Ann Davies is a pretty and clever discovery; the whole lot of them know how to give that feeling of shared enjoyment that's part of the charm of a revue called "intimate"

"My dolly's going to win"
"Musical Chairs"—Hermione Baddeley and Michael Anthony

Harlip

Mlle. Constance de Masirevich—a London Settler

Constance de Masirevich, called after her father, Dr. Constantin de Masirevich, Hungarian Minister in London, comes of a South Hungarian family, but has never lived in her country. She was born in Munich, went to school at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Vienna, moved in chancellery circles in several capitals before her father handed his credentials to King Edward VIII. in March, 1936. It is not unnatural that she speaks five languages, which include a precise, musical English. She likes any occupation in the sun, and intends to make our " pleasant, easy-going " life hers for a long time, although Dr. de Masirevich is to give up his post in April

Anthony

Alicia Markova, Bernice Barry and Frederick Franklin in "Sylphides"

This "Sylphides" study was made just before the end of the last Markova-Dolin season, after which the company broke up. During the last weeks when Dolin had hurt his shoulder, Franklin took over most of his parts very successfully. He and Markova are both joining the Massine-Blum company, Markova as one of its two ballerinas (Toumanova is the other), and will be going to Monte Carlo shortly to start rehearsals. At the moment, Markova is dancing at the Albert Hall in T. C. Fairbairn's production of *Faust*, which began last Monday and runs until the end of next week. Bernice Barry is Markova's sister, and a very promising young dancer

Baronova in "Le Coq d'Or"

Harold Turner in His Studio

Drawings of the Ballet: By Daryl Lindsay

These drawings by Daryl Lindsay are part of the exhibition of his pictures of the ballet which opens to-morrow (17th) at Tooth's Gallery in Bond Street. He belongs to the well-known Australian family of artists and writers; the etchers, Norman and Lionel Lindsay, are his brothers, and novelist Phillip Lindsay is his nephew. Three years ago he held an exhibition of his water-colours in London, but his ballet drawings, which have had a big success in Australia, have not been shown in London before. He has been a balletomane ever since he first saw Mme. Adeline Genée when she toured Australia before the war, and has studied dancers at work and play, in movement and in repose, from that day to this, on both sides of the world. When the second de Basil company went to Australia in 1936, Daryl Lindsay was one of their friends and hosts, and last summer when he came to London, Covent Garden was the place to find him in the evening, while the ballet was there. The drawing of Harold Turner reproduced here is one result of his visits to Sadler's Wells. Like Degas, Daryl Lindsay is a great lover of horses, and sees an affinity between a thoroughbred in action and the classical lines of the ballet dancer. The drawing at the top on the left tells the whole story of his profound understanding and perfect expression of the beauty and strength of a dancer's movements

Back Stage at Covent Garden, 1937

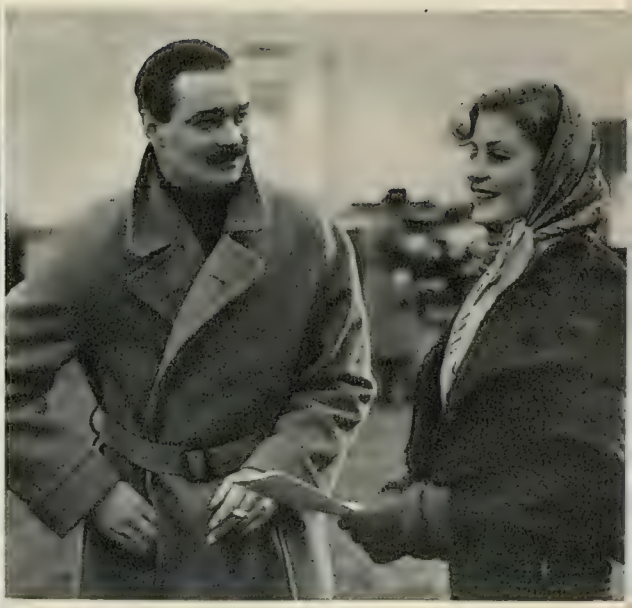
My Lords — My Ladies —

My Goodness My Guinness !

G.E. 773.A.

Miss Rosamund Broughton and the Hon. Nefertari Bethell, fresh and windblown, were at the New College and Magdalen "Grind" at Dean Buildings, near Chipping Norton, where all the snapshots on this page were taken

Miss Anne Paget, very pretty in her peasant-girl headkerchief, stood in concentrated thought in an Oxfordshire field



The Hon. Nicholas Villiers rode a race during the afternoon, but wasn't placed. He is up at New College. With him is another beauty of a day studded with attractive girls—Miss Elizabeth Wellesley, Lord Gerald Wellesley's daughter, who was a 1937 debutante

Sign of Spring

The Point-to-Points Have Begun

Lady Elizabeth Oldfield was there to see her husband, Mr. Peter Oldfield, come in third in the Past and Present Race. She had a couple of dogs to keep her company, including a dignified and well-overcoated little dachshund

Lady Rose Paget had an afternoon off from ballet dancing (at Sadler's Wells) and spent it in the open air watching the races

The Hon. Mrs. Dermot Daly and her husband, who is in the Scots Guards, were also at this early point-to-point. They live at Binfield, in Berkshire

Home to Lunch Beneath the Eiger

SNOW HOLIDAY

No. 7. Scheidegg

Scheidegg is a delightful resort. It is 6770 feet high, on the railway to the Jungfraujoch. It has command of some of Switzerland's finest ski-fields, best known of which are the Lauterhorn slopes. On one side, Scheidegg looks on to the Lauterbrunnen Valley and Mürren, on the other on to the Grindelwald Valley. But its dominating feature is the Jungfrau, five thousand feet above. Scheidegg's two hotels, which comprise most of the village, are run by the same management and their functions are complementary: so there is a family atmosphere about the whole of the resort. It is also noted for its late snow and although there is skiing (with luck) from November the Scheidegg season is at its height from February to April. Funiculars run both to Wengen and Grindelwald

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

Crows, Switzerland's Winter Birds, Rise Lazily When a Funicular Passes

Grindelwald is His Goal and Part of His Superb View

Ski Notes from Sestriere

Miss Fripp and Miss Garnham

Venetia Fripp and Moira Garnham are ski-ing at Sestriere, which has now dropped the final "s" of its name and has more English ski-ers on its slopes than for several years. Miss Fripp is the daughter of the late Sir Arthur Fripp

Lady Honor Channon

Was staying at the now tomato-red Duchi d'Aosta, and took a serious ski-lesson twice a day

The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell

Mrs. Somerset Maxwell was at Sestriere with her husband. That rose-suede jacket of hers is decorated with heart-shaped pockets outlined with lambs' wool

Motor-Racing Aces

Signor Farina of Italy and Monsieur Sommer of France are speed kings of their respective countries, so are presumably straight and fast on the snow. There are plenty of vertical runs at Sestriere to test them

Convert

The Hon. John Bingham has gone over to ski-ing from Cresta-riding and is as bold at the new as the old sport

Brothers-in-Law

Mr. "Bobby" Owen Roberts and the Hon. Somerset Maxwell are the white-coated brothers-in-law. They had already done a Sestriere run the day they were photographed

The Spirit of the Spey
Y IS MATURED
CED WAREHOUSES
DISTILLERY PROPRIETORS
GUARANTEED TEN YEARS OLD
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V
SPEY ROYAL
Scotch Whisky
GUARANTEED
TEN YEARS OLD
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
80 under proof by distillation when bottled. Six bottles contain approximately one gallon
Government Tax 8/5½ on this Bottle
Bottled & Guaranteed by
W. & A. Gilbey Ltd
GILBEY'S

"Bystander" Short Story No. 126

The Haunted Ghost

By H. T. W. Bousfield

Illustration by Lowen

THERE are no such things as ghosts, but sometimes a wayfarer loses his way—you know, like anyone might. Folly or the drink or worse. And anyone, dead or alive, can have hallucinations.

Did you ever see a pup with a can tied to his tail—just running senselessly in terror? I don't believe boys are so amused with that sort of prank as they used to be years ago, when I was young. But other things than dogs can be tormented so.

We're getting more civilised, I do believe. We don't find cruelty funny. We may find it exciting sometimes, but not funny. To find it funny is stupid. To find it exciting is vicious.

Isn't it less dreadful to be vicious than to be stupid? It is. The vicious person isn't always doing cruel things, but the stupid one doesn't know he's being cruel. If I weren't a priest. . . . The things I've seen . . .

But talking of ghosts—as you were, young man—there's more talk of them nowadays than ever before. There are exorcists and spook photographers and scientific investigators and direct-voice mediums. And more besides.

The road to Endor hardly needs a by-pass.

They tell me the Church of England is reading up pre-Reformation liturgies to lay uneasy spirits. You can buy quietness for your rackety house as easily as you can have your noisy waste-pipes quietened by a plumber.

Well, I've had little to do with this new Spiritism. But I'm the seventh son of a seventh son, and I'm a Cornishman. The Cornish are an old race, and since childhood I've never expected everyone I meet to be a real man or woman, as folks define reality.

You may not know John Rossover (his brother was a Christian and with me at Maynooth), but you've heard of Naston? Yes, Naston in Buckinghamshire—the lovely Tudor-house that the first Rossover built out of the money King Henry gave him for killing priests no more wicked than I. A new Rossover bought it when the last of the old family died, and if your name's Rossover (and you were born Rosenheim) it's good to have an English country-house to prove you were never a Rosenheim at all.

Well, Naston had what they call a ghost. And isn't it fit and right that an old Tudor-house with a minstrels' gallery and linen-fold panelling should have something of the kind? Rosenheim specially asked if there were a ghost before he bought it, and after a lot of pressing the agent said there were stories—silly stories, of course.

"That's why the executors," said the agent, "are selling so cheaply."

"Give me a written guarantee to that effect," said Rosenheim, "and I'll take it."

"A written guarantee of what?"

"Why, that the place is haunted!"

The agent grumbled and pinched himself for a fool, but in the end he wrote out that owing to the legend of a ghost the house would go for such-and-such. I don't know just how much. Rosenheim had to be content with that. When everything was fixed up he pressed for details.

"What is this ghost?" he demanded. "I've heard rumours of a woman who walks about. But I've never seen her and I've slept here two nights."

The agent had his commission safe in his pocket.

"You won't see her," he said. "Not at this time of year. It's in July she comes, and then the house is always shut up. The family and the servants used to go away, and they rolled up the carpets—yes, and so should you."

"The carpets?"

"Because of the water. Don't you know anything of the story?"

"I know Naston is supposed to be about as haunted as Glamis," said Rosenheim, "but what's this about carpets and water? I don't get you."

"Then listen," said the agent—as I said, the deal was through, and his commission was safe.

"This is the story," said the agent. "In the reign of Charles the Second, Naston was handed back to its rightful owner, who'd accompanied the King in his exile, and by all accounts this Rossover was no more pious than his master. When he got the place back, however—and he wasn't so young by then—he married a neighbour's daughter for the farms she had and the money, and decided to settle down.

(*Concluded on page* iv)

MY FRIEND, SIR WILLIAM CRAWFORD . . . .

whose organisation handles our publicity, has prevailed on me to give a series of personal messages in our advertisements.

For instance, so many people who do not know, ask "What do the letters M.G. stand for?"

They don't stand for "More Ginger" though that would be applicable. They were given as a compliment to Lord Nuffield, being the initial letters of the Morris Garages, which was his original business and from which the M.G. in particular and all his other vast enterprises have sprung.

Cecil Kimber

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF M.G. CARS

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I.A

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Autobiography of a German Exile : By Alan Thomas

I START off this week with a book that is of unusual interest both as an autobiography and as a contribution to the history of our unhappy times. The author is Prince Hubertus Loewenstein, and his book is called *Conquest of the Past* (Faber and Faber ; 15*s*.). Prince Loewenstein was born in the Tirol in 1906. His family is the senior branch of the House of Wittelsbach and related by marriage to every dynasty that rules or has ruled in Europe. His early youth was spent in a close feudal atmosphere, the working classes being always regarded as "red" and the natural ordinance of Christianity precluding the existence of religious problems. With the advent of the war, all Germany's enemies at once became "abominable," and the dogma that "Germany is unconquerable" persisted to the end. In the chaos that followed, Prince Hubertus broke with tradition, and after much heart-searching in quest of a political faith, finally became confirmed in his loyalty to "the German Republic and its colours, black, red and gold." And that is what he is to-day — in exile — knowing that he will never see Germany again "unless as a victor and greater than before." What is particularly impressive about this book is the picture one gets from it of the effect of the war on the mind and outlook of a German boy, and also of Germany's internal struggle during the post-war years. In the light of present-day events, we cannot help reflecting on the might-have-beens. Describing the happy days he spent in Geneva in 1926 with students of other countries, the author concludes : "I often think that each must have carried away something with him that he will not forget for the rest of his days, as I and some of the other Germans did." If only the famous old Geneva spirit had been allowed to flow a bit more liberally round the world, how different would the outlook be to-day !

MANUEL CHAVES NOGALES, author of a book of short stories about the Spanish civil war entitled, *And in the Distance a Light . . . . ?* (Heinemann ; 7*s*. 6*d*.), is a distinguished Spanish journalist. He is also a Liberal—"a hundred per cent anti-Fascist and an anti-revolutionist by temperament." When the civil war broke out, he remained at his post as editor of his paper—*Ahora* of Madrid—placing his services at the disposal of the Council of Workers who assumed control. He became, in fact, "the Comrade Editor." As the war went on, however, it soon became clear to him that there was no room any more in Spain for the "petty bourgeois" of the Liberal school. "When I left Spain," he writes, "I was fully convinced that all was lost and that there was nothing left to save ; terror had made life impossible and blood was choking me." The Government of the Republic let him go in peace and he is now in Paris, a self-constituted exile, not caring very much who wins in Spain ; for the victor, from whichever side he comes, will be the product of war, which is an unintelligent and terrible selector, and will keep his country in strict servitude for at least a quarter of a century. Señor Nogales' preface is one of the saddest, most poignant documents I have ever read, and his stories, which in fictional form tell of the things he has seen—the ghastly horrors and insanities of the civil war—are no less tragic. The only grain of comfort is that his sketches probably relate to an earlier phase of the war when the forces, at all events on the Republican side, were less well organised and less coherent than they appear to be to-day. The book has been admirably translated and edited by L. de Baeza and D. C. F. Harding.

TWO short American novels each playing a different variation on the theme of Love are William Corcoran's *This Man Murray* (Dent ; 7*s*. 6*d*.) and R. E. Spencer's *Felicita* (Cassell ; 7*s*. 6*d*.). The first is the story of Joe Murray, a young metal-worker, whose girl, Helen, bringing Joe's lunch out to him on the rail-road track, was run over by a train. Joe went out of his mind, but life went on. In time he sufficiently recovered to allow another girl, Terry, to take notice of him : I put it that way because it was Terry, coming from a home where she was downtrodden and ill-used, who set about brushing the roots of Joe's loneliness. He, poor closed-up guy, hardly seemed to know or care what was happening. Even when they were married, Joe was still closed-up, though he treated Terry tenderly and generously. Then life played them a low-down trick : Joe was thrown out of work and because he couldn't get any more where he was, he left. And wherever he went it was the thought, not of Terry, but of Helen, that brought him the only peace he knew. It was not till he was utterly destitute and lonely that he came to see that peace was to be found only in death (his love for Helen was, like her dead self, beyond all passion), and that what he had to do while he was still alive was to plunge back into the stream of life—with Terry. Mr. Corcoran's treatment is admirably unsentimental : he uses simple, telling language throughout and he reveals what tenderness may lie beneath a tough exterior.

Phillips Oppenheim

The veteran thriller-writer was photographed among the cars that arrived in Monte Carlo at the end of their Rally runs. He lives in Guernsey but always winters on the Riviera

THE other book, *Felicita*, is further off the ground. Here we are concerned with a tired-out journalist, Malcolm Burke—frail, ascetic and deformed—who seeks rest and retirement in a friend's old country house. He has written a few books already—works on Art and Life and Criticism—but, as the old house grows on him, he has an urge to write one more, a love-story this time "about young and pleasant people." In the throes of imaginative effort he brings to life the young and beautiful Felicita, "the symbol of a wish, a hunger, a capacity to love." And having created her, it is clearly necessary that he should create a lover for her : and it is not until he realises that "his love for her is completed by her answering love for him" that he achieves the perfect consummation—in death. In a sense he is faced with the same choice as Joe Murray, but whereas Joe preferred to plunge back into life, Malcolm chose to die. Mr. Spencer's flight of fancy carries us into regions where the atmosphere is cold, inhuman ; and though I take my hat off to him as a designer of the ethereal mould incapable of stain, I prefer on the whole to remain with William Corcoran — on earth.

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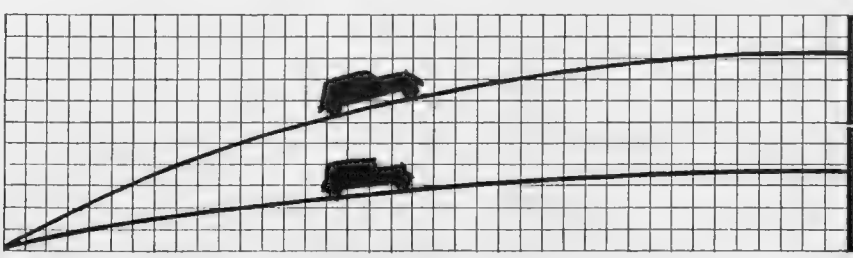

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Proposed New Course at St. Andrews

I WAS fortunate a short time ago to have the opportunity of glancing at a provisional plan of the proposed new course at St. Andrews. I must say that it looked very good indeed, but it should be remembered that it is possible to produce golf holes on paper which look exceedingly interesting and exciting, but which are found to be dull and uninteresting when they are inspected on the actual ground. Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that the holes on the proposed new course at St. Andrews will be really good, as I know the land on which they are situated.

Major C. K. Hutchinson and Sir Guy Campbell are responsible for the provisional design of this course, and they both have an extensive knowledge of St. Andrews, the climatic conditions, soil and turf on the courses there, so they certainly should produce something out of the ordinary. At the present time nothing definite has been decided, and it is not known for certain whether the proposed new course will be made or not.

THE course, if approved, will be situated along the seashore, on the land between the New Course and the sea. Some of this land is now used for the Jubilee Course, which, at the present time, is used chiefly by the elderly and the very young, and is decidedly short in length for play with the modern ball. It is situated on very much better golfing country than the New Course, and also provides views of the sea, which can very seldom be enjoyed by those playing on the Old Course. In truth, some of the holes on the New Course have, of necessity, been constructed on land which does not possess any particularly fine natural golfing features, and consequently a few of the holes border on the dull. Nevertheless, I feel convinced that if it was not situated alongside the Old Course, but in some other part of the country, it would be very well known and would be regarded as a first-class course.

Very roughly, the proposed scheme is to construct the new course, with the exception of the four holes nearest the Eden, on the land now used for the Jubilee Course, plus some extra land, and construct a new Jubilee Course on the land now used for fourteen holes of the present New Course.

IT is interesting to note that for ordinary play, which must, of course, include play by the most complete rabbit, the proposed new course will measure about 6400 yards; for competition and medal play, tees giving a length of about 6680 yards will be used, and for championships, it can be stretched to about 7405 yards.

It appears that the elderly player will soon be forced to equip himself either with a ball that does not go so far, or with new legs, which will carry him much further without fatigue. The fact that a course of 6400 yards is considered necessary for the long-handicap golfers, by such good judges of the game as Major C. K. Hutchinson and Sir Guy Campbell, both of whom are neither as long nor as young as they were, shows once more what a ridiculous ball we are practically forced to play with nowadays.

Few can deny that a new course is required at St. Andrews for championships. The Old Course, on which I personally would rather play than any other, is getting too short for players of championship class using the modern ball; at various times, in favourable weather conditions, with the assistance of the wind, I have seen players drive no fewer than nine greens on the Old Course: namely, the seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and eighteenth. I have also seen players drive to within a yard or so of the third green, and into the hollow on the edge of the sixth green. Nevertheless, no one has yet been able to make a fool of the Old Course; in the last Open Championship there, Densmore Shute won with four rounds of 73 each.

IT is strange that no course has yet been specially designed for championship play by the best players using steel shafts and the modern ball. None of the courses on the championship rota has been designed for play with the modern ball. It is true that since the Great War radical alterations have been made to the course at Muirfield, and new land brought into play, but the ball goes very much further now than it did when this course was altered. Four new greens have also been constructed at Hoylake since the Great War, but the course there has not been changed very materially. It has been customary for the last five years or so for clubs on whose courses the championships were to be played to make some new tees to lengthen their course, and to add a few extra bunkers, but this is really just tinkering with the courses concerned. The West Course at Wentworth is the only course I know of which in recent years has been designed primarily for the first-class modern player using the present-day ball and clubs.

R. N. Bond

Is a Harrovian at New College; he was for three years in the school cricket XI., will pole-vault for Oxford at the White City on March 12th and play golf at Westward Ho! on the 22nd. He is the tallest man in either golf side

Cambridge Lost to Addington

Nine matches to seven, with two halved, was the extent of Cambridge's defeat at West Hill: Sam Dalley and T. R. McGregor (Cambridge) met C. V. L. Hooman and W. P. Jones in the foursomes round the New Course and lost by 5 and 3; they also lost their singles

Oxford Lost to West Hill

Nine matches to six, with three halved, was Oxford's loss at West Hill, P. K. Entwistle (Rugby and Exeter) and R. C. Twining (Eton and Christ Church) losing a foursome by 4 and 3 to Capt. H. S. Garratt and P. F. Macdonald. Twining is R. H. Twining's son

Surrey beat Cornwall in the County Championship at Richmond by a penalty and two tries (9) to nothing. Here a Cornish wing, R. J. Knowles of Camborne, is laying low W. G. S. Johnston, his Surrey opposite

Howard Marshall on Sport

THE sporting world is never peaceful for long. One controversy after another crops up to mar our quiet enjoyment. It is a little distressing to reflect that even ice-skating, most lovely of pastimes, can apparently breed its sharp rivalries and discontents.

Miss Cecilia Colledge, beaten so narrowly by Miss Megan Taylor for the World's Amateur Skating Championship last week, was naturally disappointed. Unfortunately, she showed her disappointment so pointedly that the Swedish papers described her as a bad loser.

I cannot believe that this is true. It may be that in the stress of the moment Miss Colledge spoke unwisely, but she is too friendly and charming a girl to nourish imaginary grievances.

The trouble is that such incidents are becoming more frequent. Not long ago Tommy Farr was accused of refusing to shake hands with James Braddock after the fight which Braddock so unexpectedly won. There were scenes when Frank Hough lost on a technical knock-out to the Italian, Precisio.

THE detached observer might conclude that the British athlete has forgotten how to take a beating. It seems to me that these unhappy affairs are the direct outcome of the modern approach to sport. Players in the blare of publicity are highly-strung and nervous. They are like spoilt children who expect to win every game, and scream the house down when they lose.

They should be treated like spoilt children, and neglected entirely when they indulge in tantrums. As it is, even their tantrums bring them publicity, and they regulate their lives by the cynical verdict of the American journalist, who says to his victims, "Don't forget, buddy—every knock's a boost."

THERE has even been trouble at the Empire Games, for we hear reports of bitter complaints against the organisation. It is not our business to judge from so great a distance, however, and we may well content ourselves with noting England's fine victory in the Empire Games Eights.

This triumph was partly due to the excellent stroking of Turner, who was brought into the crew in place of B. S. Beazley at the eleventh hour. Turner, who stroked the London crew, was given special permission to row, though his entry was made after the official closing date. The way he wore down the Australians, who were a length ahead at the half-distance, showed admirable judgment.

Talking of rowing, Oxford are pleasing the critics, although their attack from the stretcher is not yet quite sharp enough. When they have strengthened their beginning they will show every sign of becoming one of the most formidable crews Oxford have produced since the war. Cambridge will have to look to its laurels.

Amateur Congratulates Amateur

Mr. F. H. Gordon won the Upton Handicap 'Chase at Warwick on Mr. F. Collinson's Sea Trout, and exchanged pleasantries with Frank Furlong as he was led past on his tired mount

Mrs. M. R. King

Mrs. King's appointment as captain of our Wightman Cup team for 1938 is a popular one, for she is a hard worker and has an unruffled temperament. She was photographed at her home at Merstham, Surrey

R. M. Marshall

Marshall is an Oxford forward, and is the youngest man to be capped for England for some time. He is only twenty years old

Graham Parker

Another England player for Saturday's match in Dublin was Graham Parker, the Cambridge full-back. Parker also captained Cambridge cricket in 1935

Steeplechase Winner, Trophy and Proud Parents

John Nutting won the Sprot Cup at the Scots Greys' Point-to-Point, which was held over a course in the Quorn country. He is Sir Harold Nutting's heir, and his father—Master of the Quorn since 1930—and mother came over to watch the sport from Quenby Hall

ANOTHER little controversy has blown up over the selection of the "possible" British Walker Cup golfers. I dislike criticising selectors in any game, for theirs is an unenviable task indeed. Even so, we must record the surprise felt by the average golfer at the omission from the trial team of two such players as D. H. R. Martin and Harry Bentley. There is no need to comment on the achievements of Martin and Bentley. They have done enough to make their choice, we might have supposed, automatic. Now that they have so astonishingly been left out, we can only wonder on what grounds some of the selected heroes were given preference.

I SEE, incidentally, that the Americans have issued a ranking list of the world's professional golfers. They have had the grace to put Henry Cotton first on the list, and no one will dispute his pre-eminence. What is more, so perfect is Cotton's technique, that he should hold his place as the world's greatest golfer for many years to come.

What does puzzle us, though, is to find that the next British player on this American list is D. J. Rees, on the strength, presumably, of his victory over Byron Nelson in the Ryder Cup match.

Rees is a fine young player, but he can hardly be compared on last year's form with C. A. Whitcombe, let us say, or Lacey, neither of whom appear in the list at all. The only other British golfers are Alliss and R. A. Whitcombe, and it would seem that American knowledge of our golfing resources is not particularly extensive or sound.

Guldahl, with justice, is given second place to Cotton, for he won both the American and the Western Open Championships. We have not yet forgotten Guldahl's comments on his treatment in this country last summer, and I doubt whether we shall see him here again.

BY the way, while we are prophesying, how about Don Bradman for the Grand National? The name is ominous enough, but if the horse is an old-stager, he is a stayer at that. He failed in the Upton Steeplechase at Warwick last week, but that does not necessarily mean much. Taking a long shot in an extremely open race, I have an idea that Don Bradman will not be far away.

NOW to Rugby football, with special reference to the extraordinary match at Murrayfield when Scotland snatched victory from under the very nose of Wales with that penalty goal in the last minute.

The most significant thing about that match was the fact that referee C. H. Gadney, most punctilious of men, awarded only two penalty-kicks for scrummage infringements.

This suggests that the front-row forwards behaved themselves with exemplary fortitude, and played entirely according to Cocker. No one with the vaguest conception of the complexities of the scrummage laws will believe this for a moment. I could see for myself, even from the crow's-nest reserved for the Press at Murrayfield, that the hooking was lawless in the extreme.

My own view is that Mr. Gadney has decided that the law is entirely unworkable. The point, therefore, is to get the ball in somehow, and to leave the forwards to fight out the rest for themselves.

THIS seems most excellent sense to me. Neither referees nor players can compete with the scrummaging laws as they stand. Any attempt to make players observe nebulous intentions is against nature, and doomed to failure. I should like to give you the Welsh hooker's comment on this matter. It was pointed, but eminently practical.

Mr. Gadney's interpretation of the laws may or may not have pleased the authorities. That I do not know, but this is certain. By allowing the hookers a reasonable latitude of interpretation, he emphasised once more the urgency of some reform in the present laws. The International Board should act as soon as possible. In the good of the game they must sweep away the confusion which undoubtedly exists, and for which they, in the goodness of their hearts, are responsible.

Victor and Vanquished

Megan Taylor and Cecilia Colledge have been close rivals for the world's figure-skating title for three years; this year at Stockholm Miss Taylor revenged her Prague defeat on Miss Colledge, who was reported to have left in a pet, but later denied it

A Divorce in the Air

By Charles Ward

THERE have been weddings in the air. There have even been christenings in the air—in America, where people go to infinite pains to think of new ways of performing old-established customs. But there has never been a divorce in the air—as far as I know—until this week, when the two components of the much-discussed Composite aircraft, travelling at 140 m.p.h., parted in the air over the Medway in the polite manner the designers had arranged. But it was not a real divorce, in that the two parties—or, rather, parts—of the affaire will come together again. Indeed, theirs will be a life of parting and making-up again.

It was a great moment when the two machines turned away from each other, and most of the spectators must have got a real thrill. But not such a thrill as the pilots, Mr. Lancaster Parker (chief test-pilot of the Short Company) and Mr. H. L. Piper, who must have breathed a sigh of relief when their risky experiment was over. Whether or not we have just passed an important milestone in the history of aviation remains to be seen.

I understand that in the summer, the "Mercury," which is the name of the upper component, may undertake a Transatlantic crossing between Ireland and Newfoundland. Once the Air Ministry trials have been accomplished, these experimental long-distance flights may begin. Meanwhile, designs are far advanced of composite 'planes, involving larger aircraft than the "Mercury," which should be able to carry bigger loads at considerably higher speeds over longer distances. Before the Transatlantic crossings begin, experimental long-distance flights will probably be made to such points on the Empire air routes as Alexandria, or even further. Powered with four Napier Rapier 350-h.p. engines, the "Mercury" has a maximum speed of 207 m.p.h., and her range in still air is estimated to be 3800 miles.

After being lifted into the air by a "porter" 'plane, for the outward journey, the return flight offers field for further experiment, for with an unaided take-off, the range of the "Mercury" is probably not more than 2000 miles. It will be seen, therefore, that a good deal of trial work has still to be carried out.

THERE is no doubt that things are looking up in civil aviation in this country. It is something to know that things are now moving in the right direction, and if the aircraft which are rumoured to be on the drawing-boards fulfil their expectations, we may yet recover the ground which we have lost in Europe and in the Dominions.

From Hatfield comes a whisper of a new de Havilland machine which should make American designers look to their laurels. Where civil aircraft are concerned, de Havilland have always been the backbone of British aviation, and from the speech made by the Chairman of the Company, Mr. Allen S. Butler, to the shareholders, recently, it seems likely that this policy will be continued. Despite the continuous activities in connection with the rearmament programme, it has produced during the past twelve months no fewer than nine different types of aeroplanes, mostly civil machines. The "Tiger Moth" is being extensively used for preliminary training both at Royal Air Force auxiliary schools and private clubs. A new design, called the "Don," is now in the production stage, and it is likely that there will soon be a regular output of these machines.

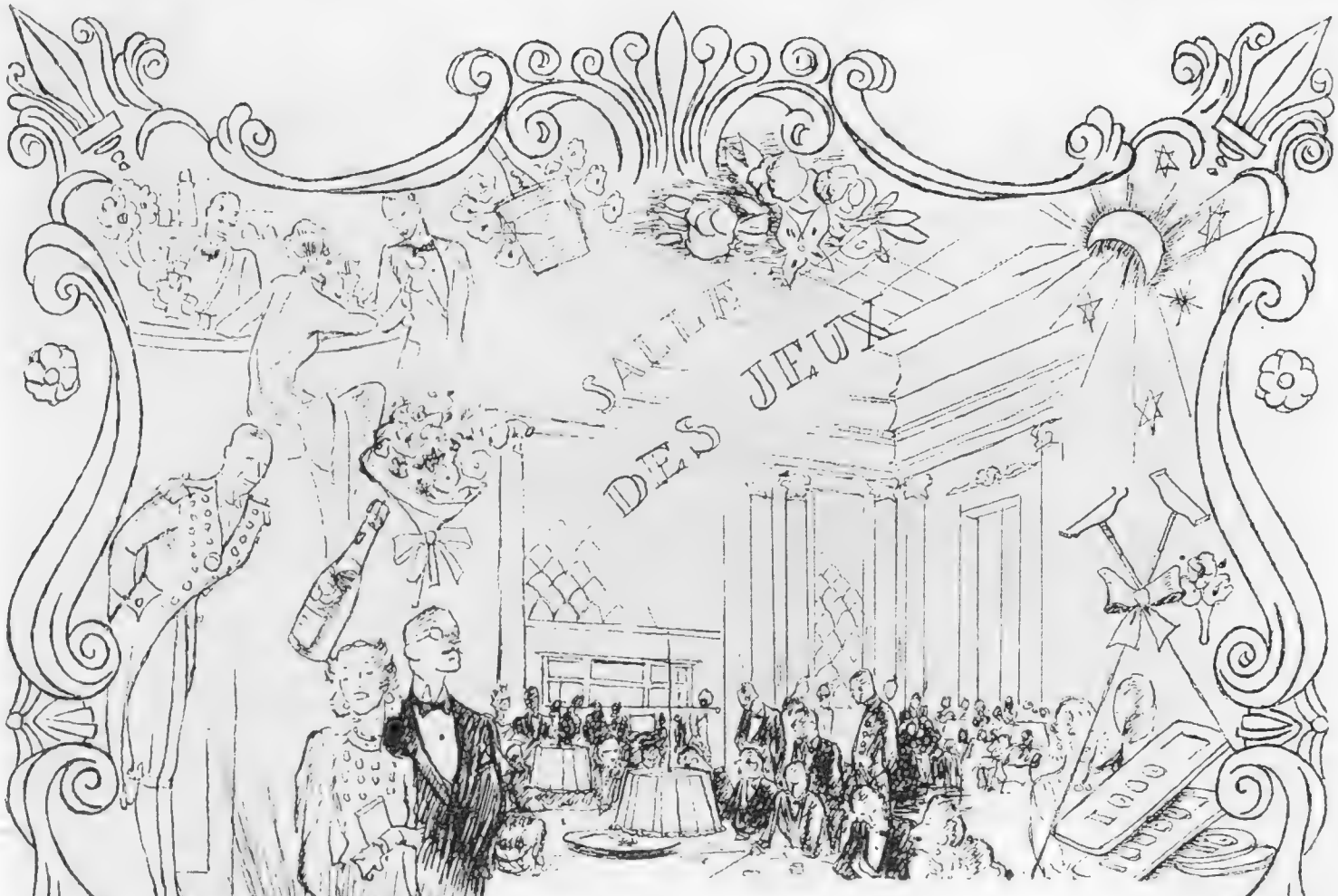
TALKING of the R.A.F., one hears so much to-day of bombing, that the other side of the picture is apt to be overlooked. It is time someone sat down and wrote about the work the R.A.F. has been doing for twenty years—missions of rescue and mercy. Some of these incidents would make thrilling stories, although one might not suspect it from the bald figures which are given in the Air Ministry annual document, under the title of "The Health of the Royal Air Force."

In this we read that in 1936 no fewer than 161 sick patients were carried by air to where medical assistance could be given. Thirteen special flights were made in the Middle East at the request of medical authorities — these for the sake of foes as well as friends. In Palestine, a supply of medical stores was flown to a police post where several men had been wounded in an engagement.

THERE is a change of control at Weston-super-Mare, the Straight Corporation having taken over the local company which operates the airport and the ferry to South Wales. The latter will be developed, as it is one of the few services in England which shows a profit without a subsidy. From Weston to Cardiff takes eight minutes by air and 2½ hours by rail. Fares are 6s. 6d. single and 9s. 6d. return. More than 30,000 people have used the airway in a year and a half, and of this total, a large proportion have made day trips. Air-minded golfers who have entered for the BYSTANDER £500 Golf Trophy to be played at Weston on March 19th and 20th, by the way, should note that the airport there is suitable for all types of private aircraft. North Eastern Airways, the company which is giving the right-hand side of England and Scotland its fast transport, has ordered de H. "Rapides" for the spring and summer schedules. Over the rest of the country where the Rail-Air system prevails, there is as yet no news of increased facilities or faster services. Everyone waits on the Cadman Committee, successor to the Maybury Committee, in the hope that something will be done to encourage home airways, whoever operates them, always provided that safety and speed are prime considerations. The Manx Air Race Meeting will be held from June 4th to 6th, with £500 from the Isle of Man towards the prize fund. Captain Rex Stocken is organising, as in former years.

The Mayo Composite Aircraft at Her Moorings

It was only good conditions that decided the pilots of the "Maia" and "Mercury" to part forces when the first separation of the composite couple took place. Everyone was highly pleased with the result at Rochester, and it seems to foretell a rapid multiplication of this pick-a-back species



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WINTER SEASON 1938

SOCIAL EVENTS: INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—Cabaret every evening; Special Gala Dinner on Wednesdays.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis) — INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 28—March 6*; Easter Tournament, *April 18-24*. Monte Carlo Golf Club — Walter de Frece Challenge Cup, *March 5*; "Bystander" Mixed Foursomes, *March 17*; President's Challenge Cup, *March 18*; The Stanley Cup, *April 18*. Sailing Regattas, *March 31—April 3*. Outboard Meeting, *April 21-24*. Annual Dog Show, *March 30—31*. FENCING, *March* and *April*.

MUSIC: Concerts—Les petits Chanteurs de Vienne, *March 4*; Gala of Spanish Music danced by la Teresina, *March 11*; Elizabeth SCHUMANN, *March 16*; Gala Concert, conducted by Bruno WALTER, *March 23*; Requiem de Berlioz, *March 30*. Opera—Creation "Andersen's Tales" (Grieg Music), *February 27*.

THEATRE: Ballet Season, *April 2-28* (with two entirely new Massine Ballets).

There are no better Hotels in the world than the HOTEL DE PARIS and the HOTEL HERMITAGE at Monte Carlo—and their prices are not at all exorbitant. There are other good Hotels there—both large and small—full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

Motoring Commentary

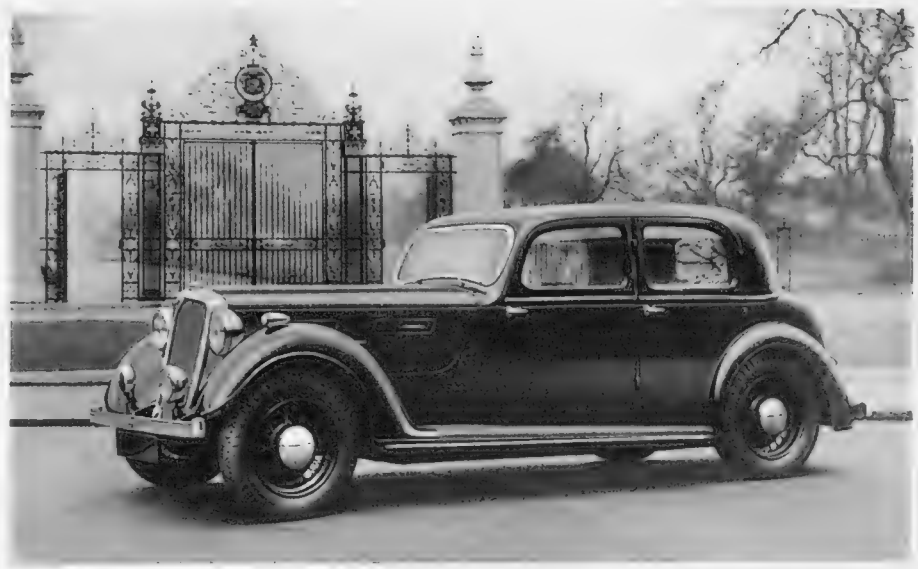
By Alan C. Hess

So long ago as last December the Bystander scooped the motoring Press by giving the first intimation that a speed hill-climb would probably be run this summer on a newly-found hill at Dover. The Brighton and Hove Motor Club, organisers of the classic Brighton Speed Trials, were named as the promoting body, and the latest news confirms our statements.

July 24th has been provisionally reserved by the Club for this event and, subject to the raising of an adequate guarantee fund, an open permit will be sought under which it is hoped to attract a large entry of genuine racing cars in addition to the usual band of sports cars and hill-climb "specials"—those bizarre home-constructed skeletons of prodigious velocity!

The new hill, which is on War Office property, overlooking Dover Harbour, has a total length of just one kilometre and an average gradient of nearly 1 in 9½. The surface is good, firm tarmac and the higher bank forms a ready-made grandstand the whole way up from which an excellent view of the entire hill may be obtained by thousands of onlookers. The course is suitably sinuous, incorporating a "busy" variety of corners—a fast S-bend, a difficult hairpin-bend, a long, fast curve, and a straight which ends suddenly with abrupt left- and right-hand bends.

It is believed by the Brighton and Hove Club that in this hill they have found the ideal combination of surface, corners and gradient, and that drivers of fast cars will be called upon for a degree of judgment which will fully "extend" the best of them. For myself, I wish the Club every success with this venture. We have long wanted such an event in the South.



The Rover "Sixteen"

Mr. Hess has dealt with the Rover "Sixteen" in his article this week: the model shown here is a sports saloon

The amount of homage paid to Captain Eyston since his land-speed record triumph at Utah is equalled only by the amount of expensive food he is called upon to consume! Already I have been privileged to be present at functions given in his honour by the R.A.C., the British Racing Drivers' Club, the British Racing Mechanics' Club, and Joseph Lucas, Ltd. Last week the French Dunlop Company fêted Eyston in Paris at a luncheon given by Marquis de Rohan, president of the Automobile Club de France, and to-day week a similar function is to be given in his honour by the Royal Society of St. George.

Not only the nerve but also the digestion of the land-speed record-holder is something at which to marvel.

The Rover "Sixteen" is no car for the "Flash Alec" type of driver, for refinement is the dominating characteristic both of its appearance and of its performance. There is something ultra-respectable about its neat lines and its lack of ostentation which makes an immediate appeal to those of us who, having to live in an age of crooners and chromium, are nevertheless out of tune with it. To add that the performance of this car is unobtrusive is not to say that it is unimpressive, for its acceleration is deceptively quick, and its maximum speed is well over the three-quarter century-mark. It is because of the extraordinary sweetness of the engine, resultant from an unusual nicety of balance, and its most impressive silence that this Rover is so modest in the execution of its duties.

The steering is of gossamer lightness, the Girling brakes powerful yet smooth, and it is typical of the practicability which so distinguishes this car that the manufacturers have included a tray of small fittings snugly beneath the dash on the near side. Another point about this car which will appeal to many is the alternative remote-control free-wheel transmission which is included, allowing clutchless gear-changes. While a British car of such outstanding quality can be produced at £360, it is hard to understand how our fellow-countrymen can be persuaded to spend more money on inferior products.

Winners of the Monte Carlo Rally

G. Bakker Schut is holding the International Sporting Club Cup, the premier award in the Rally, which he and his co-driver, Karel Ton, won with 790·90 points and received from M. Roblet, Minister of State in Monaco. The Dutch pair started from Athens and drove a Ford

Sportsmen the world over will sympathise with Germany in the loss she sustained by the death, during a records-breaking attempt, of Bernd Rosemeyer, winner of last October's International Grand Prix at Donington. Rosemeyer, at twenty-nine years of age, was not only one of Germany's ace drivers, but by his many triumphs in races and sprint records-breaking entitled himself to a leading place among the first half-dozen drivers of the world.

Really, I never get a break! Actually, while my article on the car of the future which appeared in last week's Bystander was on the printing press, two scientists on the other side of the world—Professor John M. Lessells and Dr. Millar McClintock, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology—announced to the world at large almost identical prophecies. . . .

As their words of wisdom appeared in the daily Press, they beat me on the post. Still, as the office boy said of the boss: "Great minds like a think"!

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Women's Golf

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes: the L.G.U. Meeting

By Eleanor E. Helme

THE season does really seem to be starting at last. The entry form and conditions for BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes blossom in all their spring glory on page VI. The date of these is Tuesday, April 5th; the place, Sand Moor; the closing date for entries, March 18th. Sand Moor is Moortown's nearest, and Alwoodley's opposite, neighbour; Leeds, of course, the nearest city, but Harrogate holds great attraction for many who never touch a drop of its waters, and the hotels there are offering excellent terms. Some of them are close to all those attractions which keep competitors, of an evening, from holding too many post-mortems on the day's play; there is no doubt it will be possible to be not a little amused.

Entries, be it remembered, are taken in rotation, and 128 couples, large as the number sounds, has been exceeded before now in this locality. Whereof the moral is, enter now. If you can also write legibly (whatever your opinion, which I shall perhaps share, of the size of the space provided), you will earn undying gratitude. As is now usual in BYSTANDER Foursomes, the draw will be seeded, the eight lowest handicap couples who enter being drawn in the eight sections. The higher handicaps have been heard, at rare intervals, to say that this gives the lower ones an unfair advantage. How or why I always find it a little difficult to see: what it does mean is that the lower ones have to give strokes in chunks until they reach the last eight round—if they do reach it. Last year we had one short and one long handicap pair for finalists; at Ranelagh in the autumn all the short ones went out with a run quickly.

The entry form is on page vi.

SAD to relate, I cannot give you an eye-witness account of the L.G.U. dinner this year, because, having come off an uncomfortably high horse—one of the four-legged variety—with a bump, I was in no fit state to attend a function of that sort. However, I am told (perhaps my informant was biased) that the ladies spoke far more brilliantly than the men—whose names, therefore, need not be revealed—and that Miss Stringer in particular was at her very, very best, describing herself as a mid-Victorian product, a female relic of the silly 'sixties and of the slow age, when you drove in slow coaches, slow back was the golfing dictum, and the only sign of haste was the bustle adorning your lower spine. She had witnessed, she said, the disappearance of the red coat, the gutty ball and the sand tee; the appearance of creased trousers, steel shafts, lip-stick, American ball, and, worst of all, the multi-coloured peg. (Nobody could tell me why the last came in for such animus; I can only repeat what I was told.)

Lady Denman was at her wittiest, too, I gather, casting horoscopes for the L.G.U. and the R. and A.

AND cling to the R. and A. it does. I did hobble to the Annual General Meeting next day, and heard for myself Surrey's resolution that the L.G.U. should define a woman amateur for itself defeated—crushed would perhaps be more accurate—by 702 votes to 55. That included 30 proxies for the resolution and 501 against. The opponents of the resolution quite refused to believe that one definition did not make a secession, and when Mr. Norman Boase, as Vice-President of the L.G.U., begged, on nearly bended knee, that the Union should help the R. and A. in framing a new definition, the meeting almost dissolved into tears of sentiment. "They want your help," was his cry. They will, of course, have it: the L.G.U., like the R. and A., are considering the matter very deeply. So, we learn, are all the men's Unions of this country, of the Dominions, of America. Some day, next autumn at the earliest, the R. and A. will be able to collate the suggestions.

THE ridiculous thing is that the Amateur Status Committee of the Ladies' Golf Union did, in 1934-5, draw up and send to the R. and A. a most excellent definition of a professional, but, in keeping with the "hush-hush" policy of old-fashioned diplomacy, the world at large knew nothing of this definition until told at last week's annual meeting by Mrs. Philip Hodson, who was on that Committee, and now will probably be reprimanded for having disclosed State secrets! The thing now is for every club to insist on considering that definition, and if they approve of it, to urge the L.G.U. to forward this one to the Royal and Ancient, instead of for any new sub-committee to frame any other. It is undignified, to say the least, for so great a body as the L.G.U. to have one policy one year and a different one another. Continuity is not one of the things for which the L.G.U. nowadays apparently has any use.

At the L.G.U. Top Table

Lady Denman, re-elected president at the annual meeting of the L.G.U., was in the place of honour at the annual dinner of the Union at Grosvenor House. Next her was Mr. Norman Boase, chairman of the Rules of Golf Committee, and a vice-president of the L.G.U.

Chairman of the Executive

Miss D. I. Clarke, J.P., chairman of the L.G.U. executive committee, was photographed arriving at the Queen Mary Hall, Great Russell Street, for the annual meeting of the Union

Members

Mrs. Eric Gammon, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. F. White and Mrs. Keith Gammon were waiting outside the Queen Mary Hall. The day's chief bone of contention — Surrey's motion on amateurs —was defeated by the heavy majority of 702—55

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

FEBRUARY

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

.....

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Though simplicity is a characteristic feature of the new spring fashions, evening dresses display much individuality. Apart from dramatic picture frocks in slipper satin, with bare shoulders, and bustles reminiscent of the gay 'nineties, the tendency is to stress the natural lines of the figure by skilful draping. This trend is reflected in the dress on the right, which is draped and moulded to the figure like a Grecian statue. Every line is a study in grace and beauty, while the material, so soft and supple, is Celanese "Classic" jersey. This firm is specialising more and more in jersey fabrics, and will show several new designs at the British Industries Fair next week. Celanese "Sharkskin," printed for the first time in geometrical and flower designs, will also be shown. This material has proved an outstanding success ever since it first appeared and is particularly suited to beach clothes and cruising frocks

Suit Yourself With These

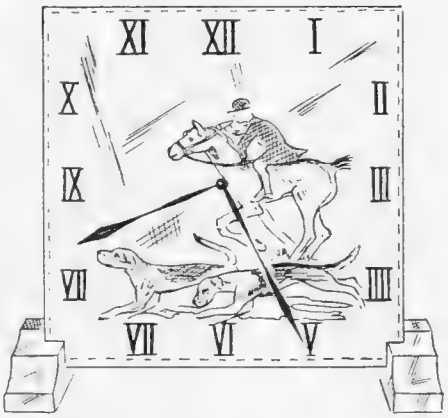
Budgeting a dress allowance is no easy task, and requires careful planning if the money is to be safely invested. One of the soundest propositions for the spring is a tailored suit, as it always looks smart and is seldom out of place. Apart from the strictly classical tailor-made in a conventional material, the suit silhouette is varied and extremely colourful. Skirts are straight and judiciously pleated, shoulders broad, and coats longer and closer fitting

Scott Bushe

Women in search of a suit should visit Liberty's, Regent Street, as they are showing an interesting and varied collection in their sportswear salons. Among these is the model above for ten and a half guineas. It is severely tailored, and has a dark-green skirt with box pleats, and a close-fitting blazer-striped jacket in green and grey. Scotch tweed with an angora surface is used for a delightful three-piece ensemble in which the skirt is a plain olive-green and the cardigan jacket gaily checked in red, black and green. It is accompanied by a three-quarter length reversible top-coat, and only costs nine and a half guineas

Light woollies are invaluable on a spring cruise, and Liberty's are showing knitted jumper-suits in wool mixed with angora for fifty-nine and six-pence. They are available in several becoming colours, including raspberry, honey, leaf-brown and pale blue. The jumper has short sleeves and an Eton collar which looks well with a striped tie or wooden clip. Diamond checks add colour and individuality to the suit on the left, from the same department. It is made in soft angora and costs nine and a half guineas. A beige jumper with a high neck and rows of horizontal tucking is worn under the cardigan jacket

The Bystander Twins in search of novelties discovered by Peta pictured by Pam



A happy hunting-ground for present-givers is Swaine and Adeney, as it is full of unexpected treasures such as the handsome clock above. This is of solid hide leather, hand-stitched and painted with hunting scenes. It costs eleven guineas and would delight the heart of any man or woman

If you are fond of hunting and have a house in the country, you will appreciate this somewhat futuristic representation of a fox. It is hand-carved in solid wood and makes an attractive knocker for a stable door. Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly, have it for fifty-five shillings

It is quite as important to be up-to-date in one's accessories as it is to have a new suit, and the latest fashion in flapjacks is to have them made of crushed egg-shell, with a cigarette case to match. The pair above from Swaine and Adeney cost two guineas each

A touch of individuality means everything in the dress world, and Jaeger's have a real genius for achieving the unusual. Sketched above is one of their new pullovers in white lisle scattered over with club badges in bright colours. It costs 35s. 9d., and is also obtainable in wool

Colours are unusually gay this season, and Jaeger's, 204, Regent Street, are showing striped suède Cummerbunds to wear with a plain dress. They are drawn tightly round the waist and tie with strings at the back. In plain colours they cost 18s. 9d., and brightly striped they are 25s. 6d.

"English Bluebells" is a new triumph on the part of Floris, 89, Jermyn Street, whose exquisite floral perfumes are known all the world over. He has captured the true scent of this delicate woodland flower which will soon be in full bloom. It costs from 12s. 6d., and should be varied as the season advances with Honeysuckle, the ideal scent for a summer's day

Seeing that suède has become so fashionable, Jaeger's have embarked on a new venture and are showing coloured suède ties for men. They cost half a guinea, and are obtainable in plain, subdued colours, or stripes

The Haunted Ghost *(Continued from page 256)*

"For five years, they say, he did his stuff, but his wife was a poor sort of creature and dull and not pretty, and he spent her money and gambled, and he looked to other women. His wife bore him a son in due course, but the boy seems to have been a cripple and afflicted in his mind, so that his father shuddered to see him slobbering and staggering about.

"Some men grow old gracefully. This one didn't. Yet I guess it was pathetic in a way. He 'd never loved his wife, and his son was going to be no proper sort of Rossover—just an idiot. He gave up his whoreing and his drinking—for he thought it was a judgment—and then he fell, as he had never fallen before, for a bold girl, a wild and beautiful girl, daughter of one of his tenants.

"Of course, his wife discovered it. The fellow never attempted even a decent deceit. She saw this was no passing fancy, but the final, irrevocable infatuation of middle age. It was the end for her.

"What could she do? Poor soul, she tried no revenge. She had lost her husband long ago in her heart. Now he was lost in the sight of all men and women. Her world was finished. So she took the poor idiot child with her and drowned him and herself in the little lake.

"That was on a day in July, and ever since, every year, she comes back to the house and the pair of them drip water on the carpets as she takes him back to his nursery and, I suppose, tries to make him warm.

"It isn't a pretty sight, they tell me," said the agent, "so the house is shut up."

"If I 'd known that before," said Rosenheim, "I 'd have paid another thousand for the property. There 's money in these old stories, if they 're properly handled. Oh, boy," said Rosenheim, "this sounds like the goods!"

So the agent hasn't forgiven himself to this day.

Rosenheim, as I have said, became Rossover by deed-poll. He went even further. He had the kinks taken out of his hair, and the shape of his nose altered, until I believe he even persuaded himself that he was a real Rossover by birth and not by money.

Well, when the next July came round, this new Rossover invited his brother to stay, and that brother—my friend, the Christian Rosenheim—invited me. He knew I was the seventh son of a seventh son, you see, and he was a broad-minded man.

"Come and stay at Naston," he said, "for there 's a poor woman we must help."

Well, as I think I said, I have studied the healing of wounded minds. If there were a poor soul who needed help it was my duty to do what I could. (There are no "ghosts," but perhaps a soul may lose the way.)

On July 1st I came, and I was very well entertained. On July 2nd we three were alone, for the servants were sent away, and a woman from the village came in to cook and left before dark.

"It 's on the first of July, according to the agent," said Rossover, "that she ought to appear. If nothing happens this week I shall sue that agent for false pretences."

The 3rd and the 4th went by and nothing happened. On the 5th my friend—my brother priest—went to bed early. He had a cold. Rossover and I sat in the great hall. He was checking over the accounts of the home farm. I was reading.

It was all so simple and natural.

The door opened and a woman came in—a scared-looking woman dressed as women were in 1668 or thereabouts. She was pale and frightened-looking, and her clothes were saturated with water, and behind her was a little boy, holding on to her skirts. I noticed a trail of water dripping from their clothes.

The door shut with a bang, and "My God!" said Rossover. He half got up, and then sat down again.

I paid no attention to him. I saw nothing horrible or frightening about it. I am a priest, you know.

She did not seem to notice us, but she was weeping. I went up to her.

"My daughter," I said, "peace be with you." And she paused, as if she saw me for the first time.

"Oh, sir——" She fell on her knees. "Am I mad? Sometimes I think my son is dead. Sometimes I think I am haunted. I did him some wrong. My husband hated him. Am I haunted? Is there a ghost in this house? Is it my son? Sir, are you a priest?"

I said: "You must pray with me."

"I try to pray," she said, "but the words will not come." I knelt beside her. And suddenly there was no longer any child at her skirts. And when the child was no longer there she rose and smiled at me, and I rose too.

"So it isn't true?" she said. And she went out.

Rossover? He had only fainted. I got him some brandy, and I helped him quickly to bed, for there was a trail of water across the floor that I thought he had better not see.

Now he agrees with me that there is no such thing as a ghost, for no one comes to Naston any more in early July—no poor woman any longer is haunted by a dead child.

THE END.

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N.C.C.419M

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (16th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1938, will be held at Sand Moor, near Leeds, by kind invitation, April 5th to April 8th.
Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: Miss Cradock-Hartopp and the late Miss Bridget Newell.

HOTELS

The address of Miss Helme during the Foursomes will be PROSPECT HOTEL, HARROGATE. '*Phone:* Harrogate 3015.
Special terms to competitors at the Prospect Hotel will be
14s. per day inclusive of dinner, bed, baths, breakfast.
16s. ditto, with private bath.
31s. ditto, twin-bedded room with private bath.

Special terms quoted by other Hotels at Harrogate are:
Crown: 16s. per day, inclusive, for dinner, bed, bath, breakfast.
Granby: 15s. inclusive, as above. Most of the bedrooms have private bathroom attached.
Harrogate Hydro: 12s. 6d. inclusive of bedroom, breakfast, dinner, baths.
Prince of Wales: 15s. inner rooms inclusive as above and also of garage accommodation; 16s. 6d. rooms facing the Stray.
Queen Hotel: 18s. inclusive, comfortable bedroom, breakfast, dinner, and baths.
Also Queen's Hotel, Leeds: 14s. 6d. bed and breakfast and private bath; dinner in the Grill Room, 5s. 6d.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (7th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: Miss H. M. Robertson.

In conjunction with the Bystander Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Sand Moor during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Yorkshire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 5th, to Friday, April 8th, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Sec., Sand Moor, may decide.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30. L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 18th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change in writing as soon as possible.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before March 18th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

SAND MOOR — NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Sixteenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 18th.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Sand Moor, on April 5th, 1938, and following days.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number.....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

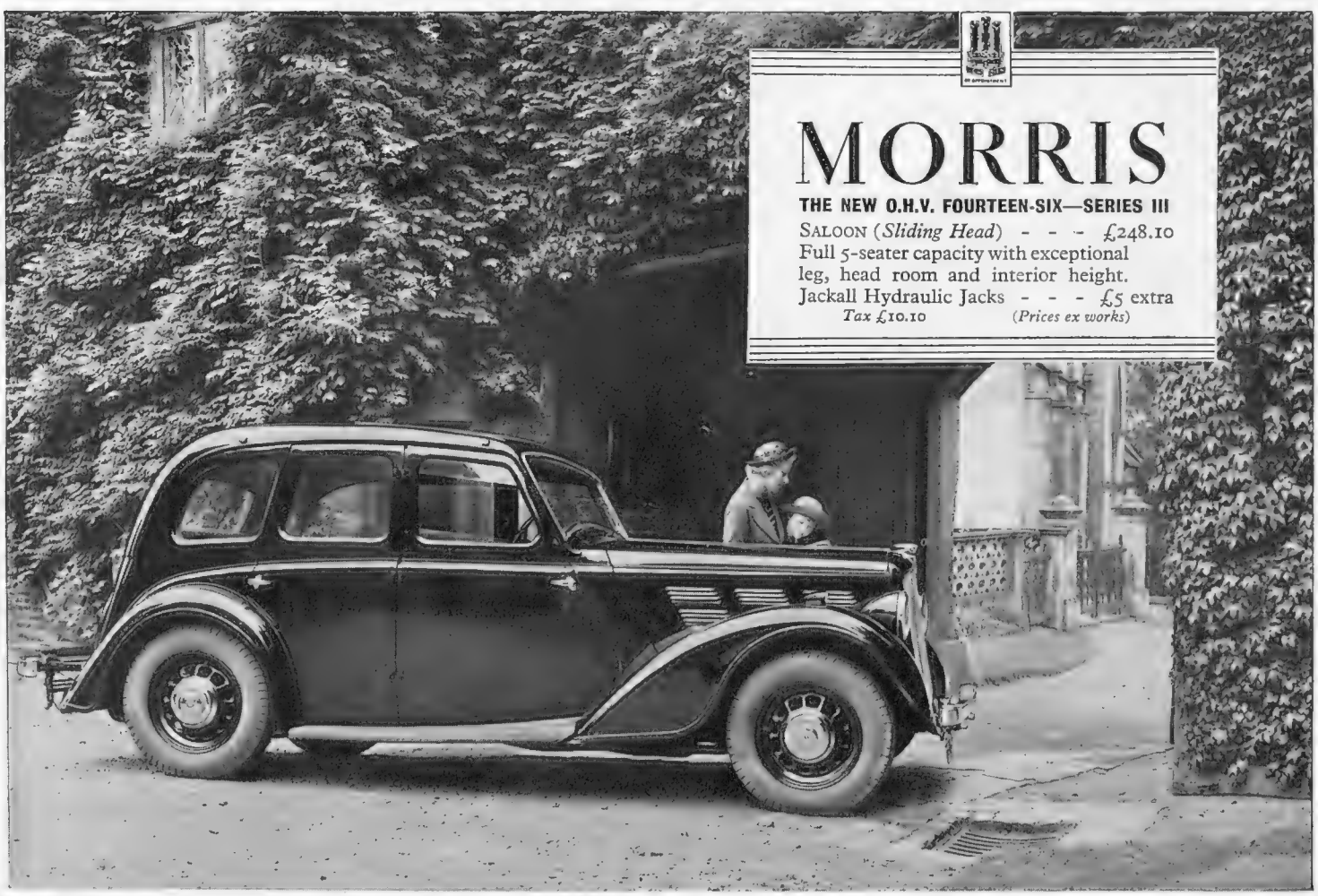
Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, or, after April 1st, to Prospect Hotel, Harrogate. Telegrams and Telephone: Helme, Harrogate 3015.



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● Chiffon Latex **BRASSIÈRE**

This perfect fitting slimming and supporting garment is an entirely new departure for day and evening wear. It gives complete support to the figure and is designed to give the wearer freedom of movement, which makes the wearing of a brassière a pleasure. It is made in feather-weight pastel pink Chiffon Latex, which fits the figure like a second skin and is devoid of all fastenings. Price **12/6**

● **SANITARY KNICKER**

A new and entirely different Sanitary Knicker dispensing with all belts and ties, which undoubtedly fills a long felt need and has no duplicate in the world. The Fieldwear Knicker is made of the finest Chiffon Latex and gives equal comfort by day and night. It enables the wearer to enjoy strenuous movement with complete safety, and is invisible when worn under the flimsiest of frocks. Price **12/11**

● **SUPPORTING & SLIMMING KNICKER**

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"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Sixth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes will be played at

WESTON-SUPER-MARE

on March 19th and 20th, 1938

(Headquarters: The Grand Atlantic Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: R. H. Romyn (Bridlington G.C.)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 19th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 19th will be posted to each competitor on March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel

Arrangements for the Week-End

Railway:

Particulars will be announced later.

Hotel:

Headquarters will be at the GRAND ATLANTIC HOTEL, where special terms for competitors have been arranged as follows:

From dinner on Friday night till afternoon tea on Sunday night—34/-.

From dinner on Friday night till breakfast on Monday morning—45/-, each inclusive.

These prices include room, bath, breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, Kingshill, Sunningdale, Berks.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Grand Atlantic Hotel, Weston-super-Mare, by noon on March 18th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • Entrance Fee 5/-

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Weston-Super-Mare on Saturday, March 19th and Sunday, March 20th

Entries close when the list is full or on March 5th

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap .....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(Strike out one of these.)

I enclose entrance fee of 5s. and a handicap certificate.

(Signed) .....

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Joan Whicher Palmer

Is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Allan Palmer, of Overstrand Mansions, S.W.11, and is engaged to Captain Dorian Montague Smyth, son of Mr. Montague Smyth, of Primrose Hill Studios, Regent's Park, N.W.1

Bassano

Angela Rowlandson

Is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Rowlandson, of Wildflowers, Budleigh Salterton, and has announced her engagement to John Ascham Rycroft, Royal Tank Corps, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rycroft, of the Moorings, Exmouth, Devon

Lenare

Annette Dorothy Stephens

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Stephens, of 2, Clarence Terrace, Leamington Spa; she is engaged to Oliver Robin Bagot, of Levens Hall, Kendal, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gaskell, of Kiddington Hall, Oxford

Blake

Betty Hawke

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Hawke, of Bentinck Mansions, W.1, and Thurlestone, South Devon; she is engaged to W. Haffenden, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Haffenden, of Coulsdon, Surrey

Kay Vaughan

Monica Trehearne

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Alwyn Trehearne, of Haslemere, Surrey, and is to marry Terence Francis O'Byrne, second son of the late Count O'Byrne and Countess O'Byrne, of Rosedene, Worplesdon, Surrey

Lenare

Biddy Wardroper

Is the elder daughter of Paymaster Capt. and Mrs. R. F. Wardroper, of Mallow, Whitwell Road, Southsea; she is to marry Capt. Hubert Malcolm Cameron Smith, R.E., only son of Mr. J. H. Smith, of Bhuj, Kutch, India, and Mrs. Smith, of The Cottage, Withdean Crescent, Brighton

Lenare

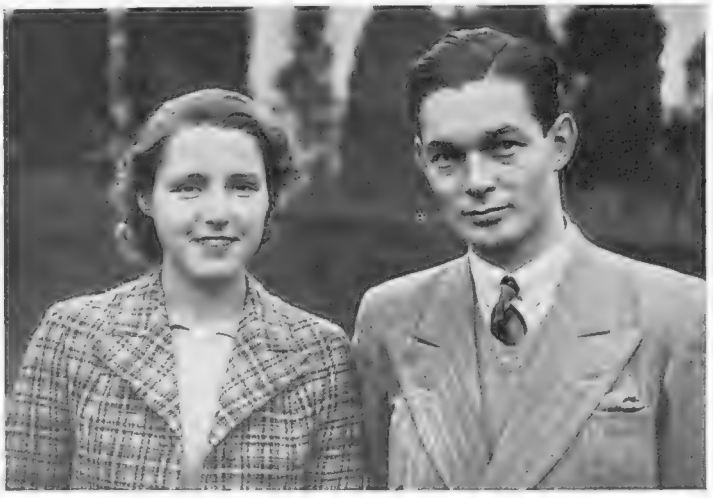
Diana Hedges

Is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Hedges, of Wallingford Castle, Berks., and is to marry Richard Attwater, younger son of the late J. A. Attwater and Mrs. Attwater, of The Causeway House, Cholsey, Berks.

Lenare

Ursula Street

Is the younger daughter of Colonel and the late Mrs. H. Street, of Castlemead, Hythe, Kent; she is engaged to Commander Derrick Hall-Thompson, elder son of Admiral and Mrs. P. H. Hall-Thompson, of Tynwald, Hythe, Kent



Esme Byass and John Sturgeon

Esme Violet Mary Byass, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Reginald C. Byass, of Farnham Common, Bucks., is engaged to John Brian Sturgeon, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. S. Sturgeon, of Skipton, Yorkshire

Pamela Calthrop and Michael McNeile

Pamela Joan Calthrop has announced her engagement to Michael Arthur Malcolm McNeile, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. H. C. McNeile ("Sapper"); she is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. K. de S. Calthrop, of Kirdford, West Sussex. Mr. McNeile had a part in "Bulldog Drummond Hits Out," the successful stage adaptation of his father's play

Cannons of Hollywood

Elizabeth Graham-Clarke

Is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. Graham-Clarke, of Frocester Manor, Glos., and Penlanole, Rhayader, Wales; she is engaged to Robert Erland d'Abo, elder son of Mr. G. L. d'Abo, of 16, Avenue Rd., Regent's Park

Douglas

Bhicoo Batlivala

Lives at 78, Park Street, W.1, is the daughter of Mr. Sorab Batlivala and niece of Sir Nowroji and Lady Saklatvala; she is engaged to Guy Robinson Mansell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mansell, of Upton, Buckinghamshire

Fayer of Vienna

Ruth Simpson

Is the youngest daughter of the late C. R. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson, of Bickenhall Mansions, Gloucester Place, W.1; she is to marry Flight Lt. R. I. G. MacDougall, youngest son of the late Major MacDougall and Mrs. MacDougall, of Morden, Surrey

Hampden-Brown — Greene-Kelly

St. George Douglas Hampden-Brown, of Singapore, son of Mr. Charles Hampden-Brown, of Bristol, and Joyce Greene-Kelly, daughter of the late Sir Henry Greene-Kelly, late Chief Justice of Nigeria, and Lady Greene-Kelly, were married at Christchurch, Lancaster Gate

Lenare

Thompson — Zimmerman

Leslie Harford Ashcroft Thompson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Thompson, of Larkenshaw, Chobham, Surrey, and Enriqueta Patricia Zimmerman, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Enrique Zimmerman, of Caracas, Venezuela, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Harington Evans — Laurie

The Rev. James Bruce Harington Evans, vicar of Holy Trinity, Southall, elder son of the late Rev. J. L. Evans and Mrs. J. L. Evans, of 14, Kensington Park Rd., W., married Frances Muriel Laurie at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent. She is the fifth daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Laurie, of Moniaive, Dumfriesshire

Norman-Ballantyne — Cavaghan

The wedding took place at St. Columba's, Pont Street, of Basil Norman-Ballantyne and Clare Cavaghan, daughter of the late J. R. Cavaghan and Mrs. J. R. Cavaghan, of Aglionby Grange, Carlisle. Mr. Norman-Ballantyne lives at Alkerburn, Peebles-shire

Turner — Hartley

Henry Fredric Lawrence Turner, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Turner, of Crossways, Goring-on-Thames, Oxon, and Edna May Hartley, younger daughter of the late Charles Hartley and Mrs. Barbara Hartley, of 15, Lancaster Gate, W., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Mordaunt — Tritton

Nigel John Mordaunt and Anne Tritton were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Mordaunt, of 23, Great Cumberland Place, W.; she is the second daughter of the late Arthur Tritton and Mrs. Tritton, of Denford Mill, Hungerford, Berks.

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The most cosmopolitan restaurant in Mayfair, where a seventy-five years' tradition in the classic art of cooking is maintained by the famed Messrs. Kempinski. In the evening Castelli and his piano, and Marjorie Dale, the Singing Cigarette Girl, will entertain you.
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LEICESTER SQUARE (Next the "Empire")
Brasserie, Bierkeller, Tyrolean Laendler Band. Open every night till 12.30. Fully Licensed. London's latest rendezvous. LUNCHEON 3/6.

Quinto's
RESTAURANT (from Monte Carlo).
LUNCHEON, Plat du Jour with two fresh vegetables 3/6
THEATRE DINNER, to be chosen from the Carte du Jour . . . 8/6
We would like you to know that the best food in London is not beyond your means.
Arlington House, Arlington St., S.W.1
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The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, The Late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.
Prices from One Guinea.
Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.
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70, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

London Nights:

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Ritz

MORE inconsequential than usual, I shall start by mentioning the midday appeal of the Ritz. I think it was last month that I passed along that bouquet to the restaurant for being about the only crowded *and* smart rendezvous at 1.30 p.m. on Saturdays. I would now like to remind you of the Grill downstairs, which I revisited recently for the first time for—oh, ages. It has seen slight changes, but here is the storied "Ritz Bar," and here is a tall, quiet room where M. Avignon's fabulous delicacies

Young soldiers (and friends) take appetisers (unnecessary) at the Ritz

come swiftly to a half-tone request. Men outnumber the women, as is right for a grill, and, though they may be the jeunesse dorée of the town, they are not blatantly either. Which is comforting.

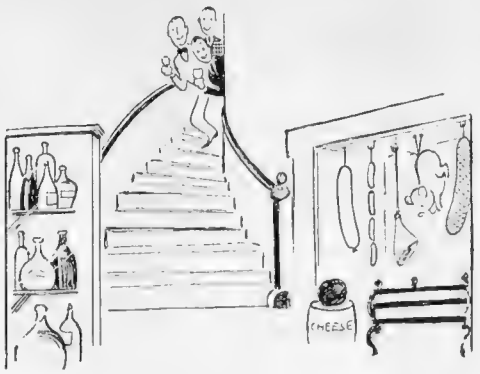
Upstairs of an evening the Music Hall Boys are being supremely idiotic and their very good selves. Trude Binar is singing her Viennese and English songs, and happens to be "Miss Czechoslovakia, 1936," into the bargain. Another tribute to Czechoslovakia's and Henry Sherek's picking. And, from Vienna, Max Hermann with his fiendish imitations of the film and stage stars. A goodly programme round which Joe Kaye gives music with a swing.

The Dorchester

IN response to, I imagine, furious requests from out-of-towners who heard what they are missing, Naunton Wayne now delivers his suave nonsense at both hours of the show, *To-night at 10 and 12*. You used to have to wait till midnight for him, but now you can go to an early bed in the best of humours. You may have gleaned from these periodic articles that I like Master Wayne.

The whole crowd on the Dorchester stage is much the same as it was. That Certain Trio sing songs that are naughty but nice; there is juggling, ventriloquacity, and clowning, and the Merriel Abbott girls, led by June Taylor, are ever fresh delights to tired eyes. You have only to come into the restaurant around midnight and ask for an unbooked table to realise the popularity of the place. You have only to see how crowded is the dance-floor for the pre-war *and* the 1938 rhythms of bandmaster Jackson to know that all ages have agreed that for the evening en grande toilette, gardenias, champagne, tails and quail, the Dorchester offers everything. You see and are seen, and you go on dancing right up till "the L.C.C. won't let you."

Naunton Wayne appears twice nightly at the Dorchester



Pleasant anticipations at the Coq d'Or

The Coq d'Or

I DON'T know which end to start, but here are some recent impressions. The great fireplace at the entrance, which I've asked the artist to draw; the sucking-pig hanging in Herodotean durance with the sausages and hams from the chimney; the great flagons of topical liqueurs in the case on your left; the thick-piled stairs to the banqueting-room, which most of you will know as the cocktail-room from your friends' lavish parties there (they had a wedding reception recently); the restaurant itself, with Sartori bustling around, greeting friends, making tables where none was before, tempting the hungry, tempting the full, crooning over his wines; Berthaud, chef-garbed and directing the commissariat, teaming perfectly with Sartori, maestros both; Sartori's tale of the great traveller due back in India for important work, but unwilling to leave before he had tested and tasted at the Coq d'Or for several more meals; my own friend from France, who took me to the Coq d'Or to see me lunch (he wasn't hungry), and then got under Sartori's spell and had three helpings of the veal, and his coffee at exactly four o'clock; another evening when I closed the menu and asked for escargots, which came on embers and seasoned with the fattest tangs of French cooking, to be remembered in my dreams.

Who said there was a depression?

The Austria

Suave M. Bruno of the Austria

I THINK that by the time you read this, you'll find cabaret every night at the Austria. Not just songs from the bandstand, but high-rollicking, yodelling stuff, which, when I saw it, meant four extremely attractive and vivacious Tyrolean damsels whooping it up in ever-increasing circles so that you held on to your drink to let that be the last to be swept away, if sweepings there were to be. There weren't, actually.

The Tyrol will call the tune both in the restaurant and the Salzburg Grill from now onwards. Have you seen that grill? They've made some big alterations to its lay-out recently, and it's become a most pleasant, and in the literal meaning, eccentric, place. Cramen, who is the accordion expert of the yodelling bevy, is in and out of the Grill, making music and merry. The entertainment there is more or less continual without being continuous. They both close at 1 a.m. They're both open for excellent lunching. You needn't dress in the evening for either, though the white-tie contingent is large in the restaurant. Dancing to Arthur May, but not dancing on Sundays. The food is by no means exclusively Austrian, and you'll be a clever man if you can ask for anything that Bruno (see drawing) can't summon exactly from the kitchens.

Newly-weds come in for a quick dinner at the New Clarges

The New Clarges

I WAS reading the Royal Memoirs in the *Standard* over a fine solitary dinner at the New Clarges the other night when Binaco pointed to two royal Hellenic names on the page and told me what their favourite dinner dishes were. He serves the great, quietly, from night to night, in the same way as he serves the quiet, greatly. Here it is

EVERY NIGHT

Café chantant

WITH

STAR CABARET ARTISTES

AND

JOE KAYE'S BAND

AT THE

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PICCADILLY, W.1 :: EXTENSION WEDNESDAY

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"A Perfect Finish to a Good Dinner" MARTELL CORDON BLEU. A very fine Liqueur Brandy—guaranteed over 35 years in cask and then there's *Extra*—very expensive but Martell's finest Liqueur Brandy—70 years in cask.

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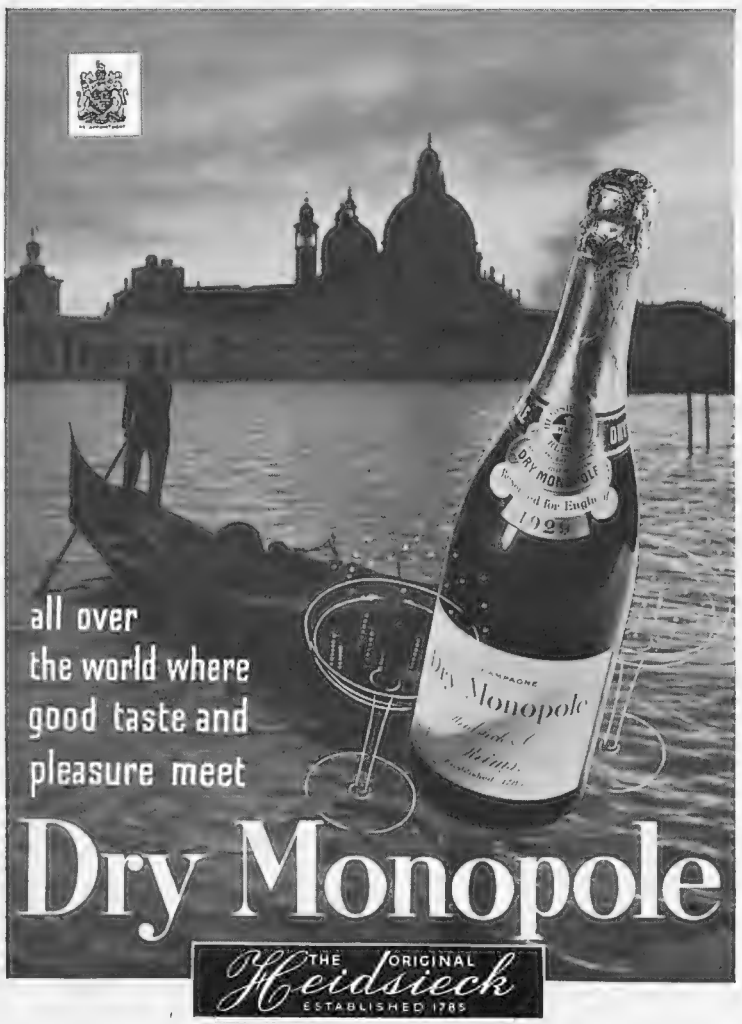


that, slipping away for peace, one meets one's party host and hostess of a few minutes before, slipping away on a similar errand, to eat and leave the world unseen, and then more bravely to go and cope with it all until those last guests go. Party-givers and goers, please note: Binaco is dispensing hospitality to all hours, and a ten-o'clock dinner is as nothing and everything to him. Such food, such service, such wine, and such a pleasant bill.

Soon, too, the lunch-time sun will be warm over Clarges and Half-Moon Streets, and the curtained windows will radiate the cheeriness of a spring that hits the West End first at that corner of the Park just down the road from the New Clarges. Lamb and green peas for me, please.

Kempinski's

You all know a good deal, judging by the crowds, about Kempinski's in the evening. Has it occurred to you that it 's well worth pulling this name out of its pigeon-hole in your memory for your lunch-time sit-down? Lots of men do lunch there, but oddly enough, women aren't so clever, although it 's ideally placed

Kempinski's is well placed between shopping and cinema

between the morning shopping and the afternoon theatre or film. Or for a long, leisurely lunch and news-exchange, its atmosphere is exact.

In the restaurant you eat à la carte, excellently and most variously, as you know from your evening visits, and not too expensively. Downstairs in the Tavern there 's a set lunch for 3/- which is superlative value.

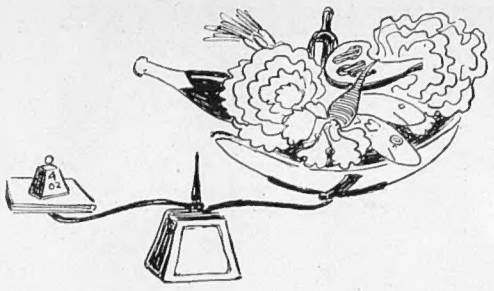
If you 've visited the Tavern for supper lately and missed Castelli 's piano-playing, that 's because he was ill. They were hoping to get him back very soon when I was there. He is very much part of the special feeling—gay but rather peaceful—that the Tavern has made its own. So is little Marjorie Dale, singing briefly and with gentle pathos between her rounds of cigarette-selling.

Hatchett's

A friend of mine who spends the best years of his life upholding the British raj in Nigeria, wrote me the gloomiest letter of his career, and the postmark read Dec. 27th. The celebrations after the Christmas Day cricket match may have had something to do with his black outlook, but the peg from which he hung his mourning was his reception of a greetings card from Boscasso at Hatchett's, reminding him that those stairs were as cool and welcoming as ever, and, if he turned to the right just before getting to the restaurant, he would find the longest and most tinkly drink of his mosquito-haunted dreams waiting for him. I wonder if Hatchett's know for what pinings they are responsible when they send forth their Christmas greetings to the multitudes of Empire-builders who use their bar as a sort of club and address-exchange during their leaves?

These homecomers will find their Hatchett's changed downstairs, though, and changed mightily for the better. Many an old habitué who had given it up for no reasons of absence has been lured back to see what 's going on and what is the significance of that magnificent doorman (sorry! linkman) on Piccadilly. And they have found what they hoped, but did not expect. Lunching and dining with history at their elbow and a superb wine list to their hand.

Hatchett's send greetings to an Empire-builder



Light lunches for ladies at the New Queen's

The New Queen's

IN the same way as in advertising you never say a thing's cheap because "inexpensive" sounds better, I've wondered whether restaurateurs like people to tell the world that their places are so popular that you can't get in. William Hickey the other day confessed in print his failure to find a table for his illustrious party at what was obviously the New Queen's, and I imagine that 's made the place fuller than ever. The fact is that they 're exactly the right answer to a common evening mood of beer and sandwiches in situ, with perambulating music and cheerful informality.

But it is rather different at lunch, though far from being empty. That 's natural, anyway, because evening revellers can come from near and far, while the vicinity of your lunch-feeding is as important as its price and atmosphere. At lunch come the shopping ladies with matinée glints in their eyes and not wanting to mix their starches and proteins. The stage, too, comes here, and also lunches lightly, for health and beauty. Salads à la carte, little piping entrées in their fire-proof dishes, things on toast, shrimps, Scandinavian whatnots, iced fruit-drinks, and lovely coffee.

And, to return to the evening, there 's a rumour of new ideas of mid-European entertainment coming on. More later.

Quinto's

I HAD gone in to Quinto's to see the new Scheherazade-ish murals again. I had admired them as they deserve, which is much, and I had eaten oysters with the sea in them and sole that melted in the mouth. Then Victor showed me a plate of tiny peas picked that morning in the South of France and flown over to his sideboard. I fell.

Gracious surprises are common at Quinto's. Down there in the quiet cul-de-sac of Arlington Street you will find food of the best, cooked for individual plates. Nothing comes from a tin. Had the aeroplane not delivered that day, there would have been no Monte Carlo petits pois. And, every time I go, I am surprised at the excellent restraint that Victor exercises with his prices. A most reasonable and most delicious place, Quinto's. R. A. U.

"THE BRIGHTEST SHOW IN TOWN JUST NOW" —THE BYSTANDER

The Dorchester

PRESENTS IT'S NEW 1938 CABARET

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"A Sherek Show"

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to the Best of London's Stage and Screen

February 16—February 22

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Sat., 2.30.

OH! LETTY.—A musical comedy that 's musical, funny and gay, with Sydney Howard and Wylie Watson, Phyllis Stanley and Bertha Belmore: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 101.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

Mirth and Mystery

BLACK SWANS.—A light comedy written by Geoffrey Kerr, produced by Maurice Colbourne, decorated by Molly McArthur, with Richard Bird and Sophie Stewart: Apollo, 8.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the way in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Whitehall, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM SERVICE.—Hartley Power heads an American cast in a coarse, hoarse farce which makes the actors and audience roar: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

MARY GOES TO SEE.—Marie Tempest's new part is an opportunity for a tour de force and a trip to America: Haymarket, to-night, 16th.

WELCOME STRANGER.—Harry Green, Marjorie Mars and Lawrence Bascombe in a play about a Jew and an inventor: Saville, Thurs., 17th.

DODSWORTH.—Philip Merivale and Gladys Cooper together in Sinclair Lewis' play: Palace, Tues., 22nd.

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—Eugene O'Neill's sombre trilogy has a grim and exciting tale of fate with brilliant acting by Beatrix Lehmann supported by Robert Harris and Laura Cowie: New, 7 (not Mon. or Fri.). Mon., Fri., 2.30.

OTHELLO.—Ralph Richardson as the Moor, Laurence Olivier as Iago, Curigwen Lewis as Desdemona: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE THREE SISTERS.—A strong, sensitive production of Chekhov with Carol Goodner, Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the three, Gielgud as Vershinin, Redgrave as Tusenbach: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes, and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MIRABELLE.—Jack Melford and Iris Baker in a good plot that could go faster: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

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CINEMAS

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN (American).—Eddie Cantor mixes music, dancing, political satire and wistful humour in this: Marble Arch Pavilion.

ARSÈNE LUPIN RETURNS (American).—Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce, Warren Williams in a detection thriller: Empire.

THE AWFUL TRUTH (American).—Cary Grant and Irene Dunne in an almost crazy marriage comedy: Regal.

THE BUCCANEER (American).—Another vast de Mille canvas of the pirate (Fredric March) who saved America from the English: Carlton.

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Julien Duvivier directed this first-prize film; a bitter-sweet story; Françoise Rosay, Rainer, Harry Baur, Pierre Blanchar: Studio One.

DINNER AT THE RITZ (American).—Paris and the Riviera and a plucky girl (Annabella) who traces her father's murderer: New Gallery.

LA GRANDE ILLUSION (French).—A trilingual film that knocks Hollywood silly with its skill and artistry, showing life in and escape from a war prison camp in Germany; Gabin, Fresnay, von Stroheim: Academy.

THE HURRICANE (American).—Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour in an exciting South Seas spectacle: Odeon.

LA MORT DU CYGNE (French).—A charming story of the Opéra ballet school (dances by Lifar) with some very effective photography: Curzon.

NOTHING SACRED (American).—Fredric March as a hot reporter, Walter Connolly as his editor, Carole Lombard as the girl who provides copy—and romance: London Pavilion.

SECOND HONEYMOON (American).—Tyrone Power, Loretta Young and Stuart Erwin in an irresponsible matrimonial comedy: Gaumont.

TOVARICH (American).—Excellent film version of the stage success has Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, Basil Rathbone, Isabel Jeans in it: Tivoli.

YOU 'RE A SWEETHEART (American).—Alice Faye, George Murphy and Ken Murray in a film about a publicity hoax: Leicester Square.

DER ZERBROCHENE KRUG (German).—Emil Jannings gives a big performance as the judge in Kleist's Netherlands comedy: Berkeley.

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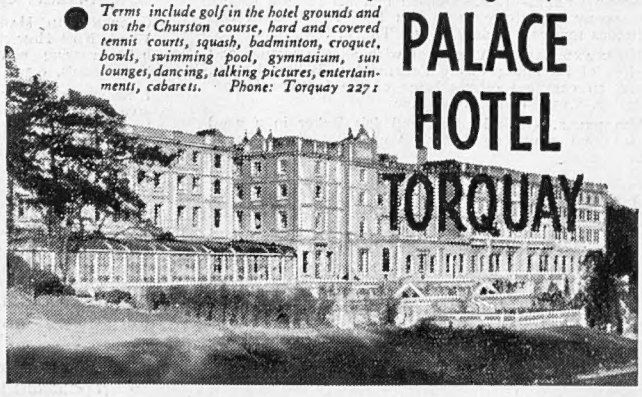

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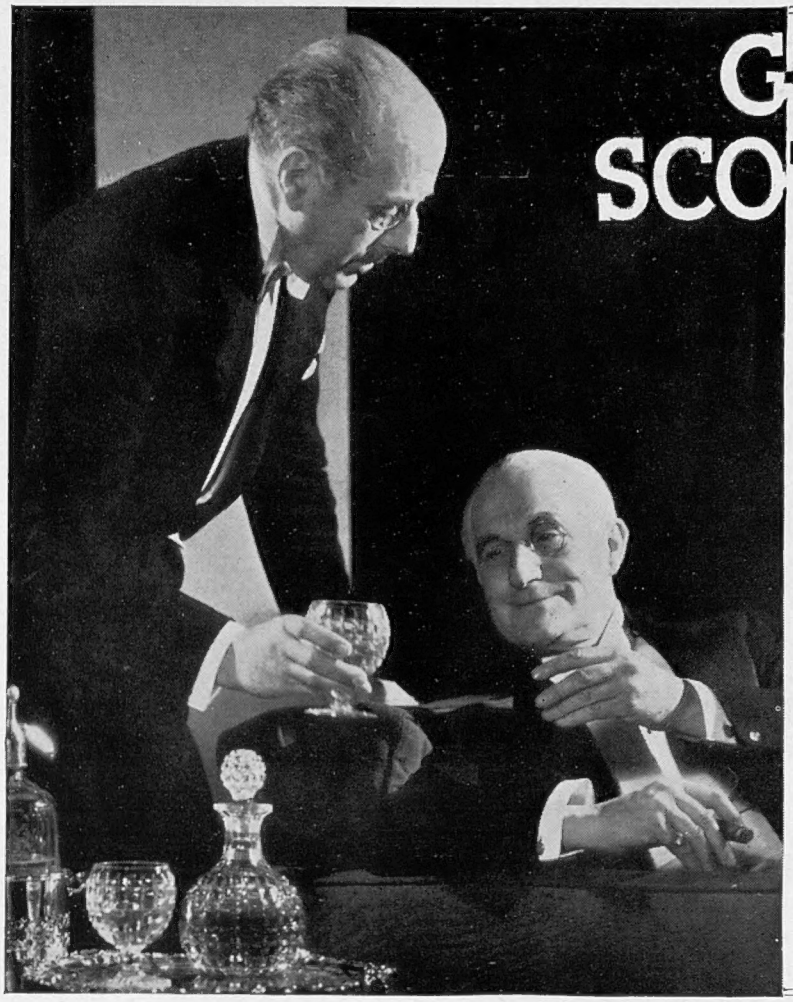

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